

The Sketch

No. 1335.—Vol. CIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



MARRIED, THROUGH "THE SKETCH," TO A BRITISH OFFICER: MRS. THOMAS UPTON (MISS KITTY SEXTON).

"The Sketch," like the Telephone Service, is not a matrimonial agency, but it is responsible for at least one romance. A photograph in it of Miss Kitty Sexton, of the "Going Up" company at the Gaiety, took the fancy of Captain Thomas Upton, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, of Thurgaton Priory, Nottinghamshire, while he was

in hospital at Salonika recovering from a slight attack of malaria. Later he was serving in France, and, coming to London on leave, obtained an introduction to Miss Sexton. A few days ago they were married at Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane. Captain Upton was due to return to France on Monday.—[Picture Photograph by Elwyn Neame]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

Paradise for Sale.

If you refuse to buy it, friend the reader, I think I must have it myself. After all, it is not any day you have the chance of gratifying every earthly desire for the ridiculous sum of £1600.

"Miniature Mansion in Garden of Eden"—thus runs the gentle advertisement. That alone should be enough to send you rushing for your cheque-book. But there is more—far more. The old Garden of Eden lacked many of the essentials of modern life; this Garden of Eden has them all. There are, for example, golf links, "front and back." Had Adam golf links? Did Eve ever realise the fascinations of the mashie? Is there any record of the Serpent having offered to add ninety yards to Adam's drive?

"Two acres woodlands, birds always singing." I wonder if the birds sang *all* the time in the old Garden of Eden? I fancy they knocked off at night. For your £1600, however, you can have an eternal orchestra. "Birds always singing" declares the advertiser, and advertisers never lie.

When Adam and Eve felt the desire for travel they went, one presumes, afoot. Here you will have the pull of them again. You will have, close at hand, the '47 bus and 54 Victoria trams."

"A place the world is looking for, so calm amid life's storms." It is all guaranteed for the money. I find no allusion to rations, but the idea of rations in the Garden of Eden is preposterous. You will quite forget the war, and, when you are weary with delicious lassitude, you can sink to slumber in "six bed, all white enamel."

"Sublime and beautiful; money wanted urgently, on view any hour."

There is even, you perceive, the necessary touch of pathos. The money is wanted urgently. How urgently you can easily figure for yourself when the hapless advertiser is compelled to sell Paradise for £1600.

I dare not tell you the address. There would be thousands trampled to death in the Beckenham direction.

A Libelled City.

The law of libel should, in common fairness, be extended to towns. Why should a town work hard for a hundred years, deny itself, clean itself, improve itself, beautify itself, merely to be spoken of as "an awful place" by those who have never taken the trouble to visit it?

A week ago, duty took me to a certain city about 150 miles from London which I had not previously visited. Friends, hearing of my forthcoming journey, offered me their sympathy. "It's an awful place!" they cried. "So dirty! So sordid! So dull! So benighted!"

And what did I find? I found a splendid city—really a splendid city. I found broad streets, delightful parks, handsome buildings, a bracing atmosphere, and, above all, charming people. The Town

Council of this city should have it in their power to sue for libel anyone against whom it can be proved that they dubbed the place "awful." This sort of thing has gone unpunished long enough.

The Charm of South Wales.

Yes, the city may be found in South Wales. It is associated in your mind with coal, no doubt, and that is why you think of it as an awful place. But the coal is not in the streets, or in the gardens, or in the parks. The people of this city are not begrimed with coal. The coal is buried hundreds of feet deep beneath the adjacent mountains; you will not find it on your dinner-table.

Coal is by no means a bad neighbour. Coal has made the population of this city rich, and they have expended their riches very prettily. They have gloried in building for themselves a fine dwelling-place. They are generous patrons of the Arts. The finest bands play to them; the greatest singers sing to them.

But the chief charm of the city, and of all that neighbourhood, is the charm of the people themselves. Of how many cities can it

be said that all the girls are pretty and all the inhabitants courteous? Trouble is nothing. Ask them to tell you the way to this or that locality, and they will come with you. What a contrast to a certain type of Londoner! "Does this train," I said to a London gentleman on the day of my return, "stop at London Bridge?" "They all stop at London Bridge," he grunted, eyes still on his paper.

It was an answer one might have expected, but I was quite shocked.



TO BE A CROOK IN "SHANGHAI," AT DRURY LANE: MISS BETTY BUSH.

"Shanghai," a spectacular operette, is due at Drury Lane to-night (the 28th). Amongst those in it are Miss Betty Bush—an American Variety artiste, who thus makes her first appearance in a London theatre—and her partner, Ray Kay. The pair are cast for crooks who come from Chicago to steal the Green Jade God.—[Photograph by Dobson Studios.]

A Holiday Snapshot.

Snapshotting is not encouraged in these days of warfare, but I secured a little picture without the aid of a camera.

She was a small woman, thin, nervous, elderly, dressed in a cheap and crumpled cotton dress. She pushed her way into the queue stretching from the window of the booking-office. A man, a girl, and three children hovered in attendance.

"Is this where you get tickets for London?" she demanded vaguely of the crowd.

They assured her on the point.

"Don't forget the bike tickets!" yelled the girl.

"Right! Ah know!"

"Two, mind!"

"Right, silly! Ah know!"

At last, giggling with nervous excitement, she was at the window.

"Five tickets for London," she screamed at the clerk, "an' two bike tickets! 'Ow much?"

"Five-pound-two," replied the clerk.

She flung a roll of notes on the ledge. She had the air of one to whom pound-notes were as dross.

"Now we'll go an' get a bit o' suthink t' eat afore the train comes in." And away the plutocratic little party trooped.

SCRAPS : SNAPSHOTS FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.



LAND-GIRLS IN LLOYD GEORGE LAND : A "WASH AND BRUSH UP"—ON LORD GLANUSK'S ESTATE.

The land-girls shown are at work high up among the mountains of Wales, on Lord Glanusk's estate, where there is a training-camp for them before they go to work on farms near by.—Included in the group of lawn-



LAWN-TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB : A GROUP OF PLAYERS IN A CANADA v. AMERICA MATCH.

tennis players are Ensign Keith, Commander Carter, Major Larned, Ensign Cabot, Colonel Mayes, Captain Lains, and Lieutenant Wiswell. The group was taken at Queen's Club.—[Photographs by News Illustrations and Topical.]



"THE LITTLE SKIPPER":
MISS NELL FOY.

Miss Foy is the first woman seal-hunter, and, holding a master mariner's certificate, has had command of a passenger-steamer. She owned and skippered the "Grace Darling," the last ship to leave Ostend after the outbreak of war, and saved a large number of wounded. In conjunction with Mr. Havelock



THE DOWAGER-VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY GIVES HAMPTON COURT GRAPES TO THE WOUNDED : FIRST FRUITS.

Wilson, President of the Merchant Seamen's League, she is the founder of the British Empire Army of Patriots.—The Dowager-Viscountess Wolseley has purchased the crop of grapes from the famous great Vine at Hampton Court, and the fruit is being sent to wounded soldiers at various hospitals.



TIN-HATTED FOR RAID-WORK :
A PARISIAN POLICEMAN.

Photographs by Bassano, Baldwin, and C.N.



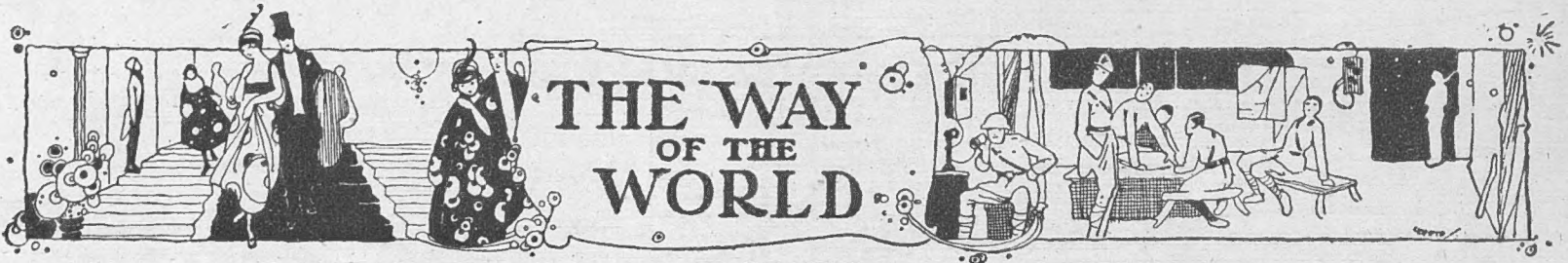
A NEW FORM OF SACK RACE : THE COMPETITORS TIED IN THE SACKS.

The sack race illustrated took place at recent sports held by a U.S. Naval Air Detachment. It differed from the usual event of the kind in that



RIDING ON A BIG SHELL ! THE KITTEN MASCOT OF A BIG GUN'S CREW.

the competitors were completely enveloped by the sacks, and did not have their heads out.—[Photographs Official and Illustrations Bureau.]



WIFE OF AN OFFICER "MENTIONED": VIS-COUNTESS CAMPDEN. Viscount Campden, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Gainsborough, is a Major in the Gloucesters. He married, in 1915, Miss Alice Mary Eyre. Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

ladies in black leggings and blue coats that, according to historical pictures, might have been worn by Dick Turpin—the same young ladies who command the London 'bus services, and have made us all walk home at night, or else be pounded into a jelly in the terrible push of the Tube, or else submit to the Kaiserlike demand of some stray taxi-man—apart from these and some charming young things in brown peaked caps and brown linen trousers who are cleaning the windows opposite, but one might well suppose had strayed out of the latest revue, there are few people about. I am glad I have finished that sentence. It is the sort of sentence that De Quincey, in his day, would have called an "Augustinian" one.

"Taken Aback." These things being as they are, I was, as my charlady says, somewhat "taken aback" when a lady of great fairness and great cleverness, whom you all know by name whether you take any interest in politics or not, was suddenly propelled into my room with a force that suggested some unknown agency of irresistible power.

"Pay the cab at once," she said; "I've no change."

I have just dashed up from the country.

The railway company robbed me; so did the porters—but then they always do." At this point my lady friend waved her hands in a manner which I have come to know suggests momentous events. "Things are very serious," she exclaimed. "We must act, and act at once." I went downstairs and paid the taxi-man, who treated me very much as I should imagine Hindenburg would treat a captured

Out of Town. My part of town was very much out of town last week. Some near, if not very dear, neighbours have fled to Scotland. Others have been trying to enjoy a holiday on the river, where there have been fewer week-end parties than ever before, although I am told Lady Lowther has excelled herself at Taplow in these entertainments. Before these days I used to have the pleasure of looking down from my little top room almost every morning at Princess Patricia; but she too has fled.

An "Augustinian" Sentence. Apart from the stalwart Dominion and American soldiers who, with such an air of detached, if kindly, criticism, stroll up and down the quiet terraces that front the retreat of a mere worldling; certain young



IN THE UNIFORM OF A Y.M.C.A. COMMANDANT: PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA OPENING A NEW Y.M.C.A. HUT AT LEWISHAM.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A GALLANT ADMIRAL AWARDED THE ALBERT MEDAL: SIR JAMES STARTIN. Photograph by Sport and General.

foe if he had him in his grasp. I escaped from Hindenburg and went upstairs in a somewhat dazed condition to find out what had happened to the nation. Could it be that Foch had failed?

A Coming General Election? My fair visitor was by

now somewhat more composed. She had even helped herself to a whisky-and-soda, and was smoking a cigarette. But when I appeared again her excitement returned, and she spoke with great animation, waving her hands as a conductor waves his bâton over a well-drilled orchestra. "The election!" she exclaimed. "The election is upon us! We shall have it in November, and something really must be done. I left the country. I was there for my health. I heard the news. I returned. I am here to work." Then her voice was hushed to the tones which denote a secrecy that veils terrible and irrevocable facts from the common ear. "Do you know," she whispered, "that the Asquiths are coming back from North Berwick? They are coming to town or up the river, which is the same thing. It means preparation"—here her voice shrilled—"it may mean a declaration of war! We must work; we must prepare." I mentioned the fact that I had only heard that morning that Mr. Lloyd George was resting under doctor's orders, and had even postponed his long-expected visit to Manchester until next month. "That's camouflage," she said.

Frintonites.

Another friend tells me that she has been by the placid and innocent waters that plash against the pleasant front of Frinton-on-Sea. She told me that she had seen Lord D'Abernon down there, and that his Lordship had temporarily relinquished his interest in controlling the liquor traffic in favour of watching tennis. Mrs. Satterthwaite, the famous champion, has been playing in a tournament down there. As for Lady Idina Wallace, I was told that she had been employing a great deal of her time at Frinton in playing leap-frog in the sea, and in riding in expert fashion on the handle-bars of a bicycle. Well, I am glad some folk are enjoying themselves. Another Frintonite is Sir Harold Elverston, M.P., who has been giving bathing parties.

Sea Leap-Frog.

This game of leap-frog in bathing



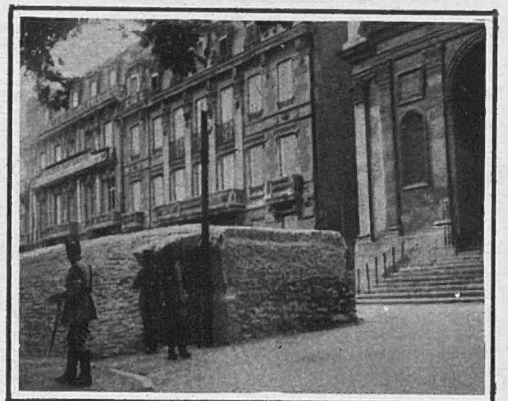
BUMBLE ASKS FOR MORE. "The New Mills workhouse being almost empty, the Guardians have decided on the unusual course of advertising for inmates from other Unions."—Daily Paper.



ANTI-TANK RIFLES, FRENCH AND GERMAN: A FRENCH SOLDIER WITH ONE OF EACH.

The French anti-tank rifle, in the soldier's right hand, is said to be far more effective than the larger German one (in his left hand).

French Official Photograph.



SHELTER FROM AIR-RAIDS IN NANCY: A STREET DUG-OUT.—[French Official Photograph.]



GO(A)TO! YE GIDDY GORMANDISERS. "Gosta ticketed as prize-winners at a South Bucks show ate each other's labels. The judges had to do their work again."—Daily Paper.

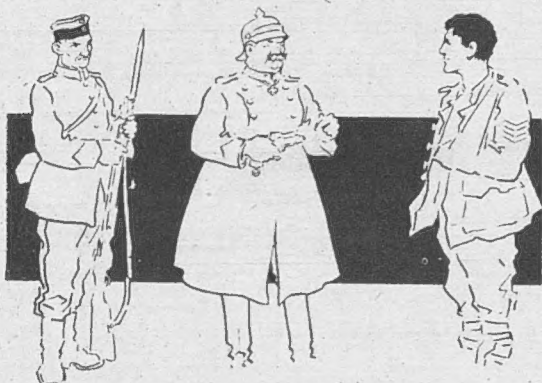
costume seems to be spreading amongst the women folk all round the coast. I was interested in a picture which I saw of this characteristically modern pastime in a certain illustrated journal that asserted that an Earl's daughters were playing leap-frog in the sea all day long. My interest was increased when somebody came up from Eastbourne and told me that the three lady leap-froggers were chorus-girls from a touring revue.



THE DAY OF THE GOAT: A CLASS AT THE BRITISH GOAT SOCIETY'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW AT THE "ZOO."—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

At Lady Essex's Retreat.

Those who can't go North are contenting themselves with holiday resorts near town. Lady Essex has discovered one of these, and has been having what is sometimes described as "a high time" on a beautiful lake of her own which is attached to a particularly charming house. As might be expected, a good deal of art, spelt with a capital "A," has been talked over the week-ends. That interesting young man, Mr. "Eddie" Marsh, whose singularly contrasted duties in life seem to be the dutiful shepherding of Mr. Winston Churchill in his public career and the discovery of obscure poets, has been down there quite a lot. Young Mr. Ivor Novello has also turned up—but then, he turns up everywhere.



BRAVO, SERGEANT!

"A few days before the great attack four Australians were taken prisoner by the Germans. We have now found among captured papers a report of the examination of these four Australians. It says: 'The sergeant, who is the only one who has served for a long unbroken period with the troops, refused to make any military statement, and could not be shaken in his resolve by any of the means employed.'"—*Australian Official Correspondent.*

of Princess Patricia passing my door in the morning. The reason is simple. Princess "Pat" has been having a cycling holiday with the Duke of Connaught down at Bagshot Park. One may describe them both as "old enthusiasts" of cycling. They were even faithful to the wheel when motoring had made it for the time being quite the most unfashionable pursuit in England. By the way, did any of you see some of those extraordinary prehistoric bicycles which the 'bus strike brought back to the streets of London? I actually

saw a gentleman in white whiskers riding an old-fashioned high "ordinary" in the direction of South Kensington the other morning. For the moment I thought I was back in the 'seventies—and wished I were, as I should have escaped the war.

A Hunter Story.

One of the most interesting engagements of the year is that between Mrs. Richard Hunter and Mr. Alfred Mitchell-Innes. Like his fiancée, Mr. Mitchell-Innes comes of an old Berwickshire family, and their home is Ayton Castle. The announcement that "this marriage will shortly take place"—I must write like the *Morning Post* when I talk about marriages—reminds me of the late Mr. Richard Hunter. He bore a most extraordinary resemblance to King Edward, and once had the British National Anthem played for him in Paris. All sorts of people persisted in addressing him as "Your Majesty," and I think at the end he got to be rather annoyed if they did

not. He told me once that he had had an extraordinary day. "It's been quite an exception," he remarked. "I've been out since the morning, and no one has mistaken me for the King."

Big Bertha Time.

From all I hear, Paris seems to be something of her gay old self again. Mr. Albert de Courville, who is just back, told me that the Parisians have taken to timing their watches by the explosions of "Big Bertha," that the theatres and music-halls are full, and that he expects to do record business when he opens in Paris with Elsie Janis in "Zig-Zag."

Australian Energy.

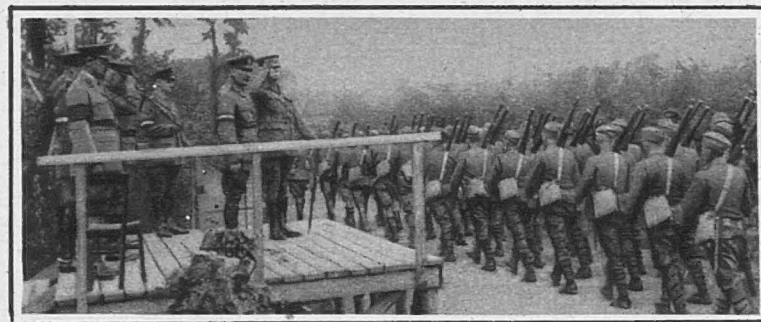
I met a friend last week who seemed to be suffering from great mental exhaustion. "Let's go and have a long drink," he said. "I have been hustled all day by Australian statesmen. The first was Mr. Hughes, who talked to me for an hour at great speed about our aims in this war; and the second was the Hon. Hugh D. McIntosh, who used to run the glove-fights over here at Olympia. He carried me off to lunch, hustled me through six courses, bundled me into his room, and talked at high-power pressure for an hour on Australian politics, newspapers, and theatres."

A Woman "Leader."

There was more than a little flutter of excitement when Miss Dora Garland took the place of Mr. Arthur Beckwith as leader at the "Proms." She makes a highly successful and picturesque leader. Some time ago I heard her play



BELLS ON HER TOES, AND ALL. "A country fair for war charities was held round Banbury Cross yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*



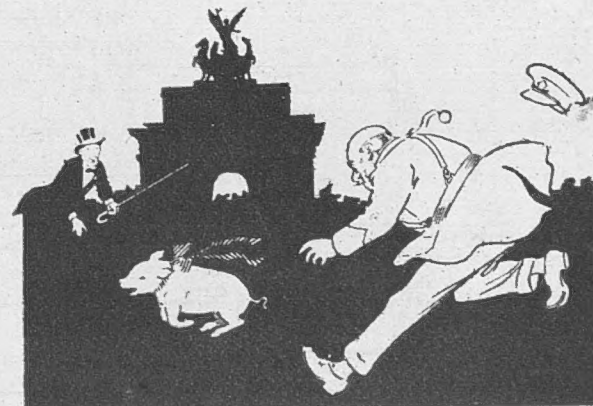
AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING PAST GENERAL PLUMER AT THE BRITISH FRONT: THE SALUTING-BASE.—[*British Official Photograph.*]

in a duet at one of the Symphonies. The "Proms" seem to be very popular, but there were few distinguished people there when I was present.

On Dress.

All my women friends have been asking me what I thought of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, who, just before her marriage with Mr. Capel, startled the town with a very striking frock in which all the possible elements of pink, rose, and cerise seemed to be included. I can only say that I thought it quite wonderful. The same criticism applies with the same justice to the yellow creation which Miss Joyce Carey is wearing just now at the Royalty. My women friends have described this dress to me so many times in so many different fashions and with so much technical ability that my head reels when I think of it all. I can simply say, "The yellow lady is wonderful," and a welcome change from the black beauties who have been all the rage of late.

THE WORLDLING.



PIG-ADILLY!

"I witnessed the unusual sight of a pig running wild in Piccadilly yesterday. The culprit was Daisy, the Queen's pig, presented to her Majesty on a Royal visit to the Wimbledon allotments, and subsequently sent to the Red Cross headquarters in St. James's Street."—*Daily Paper.*

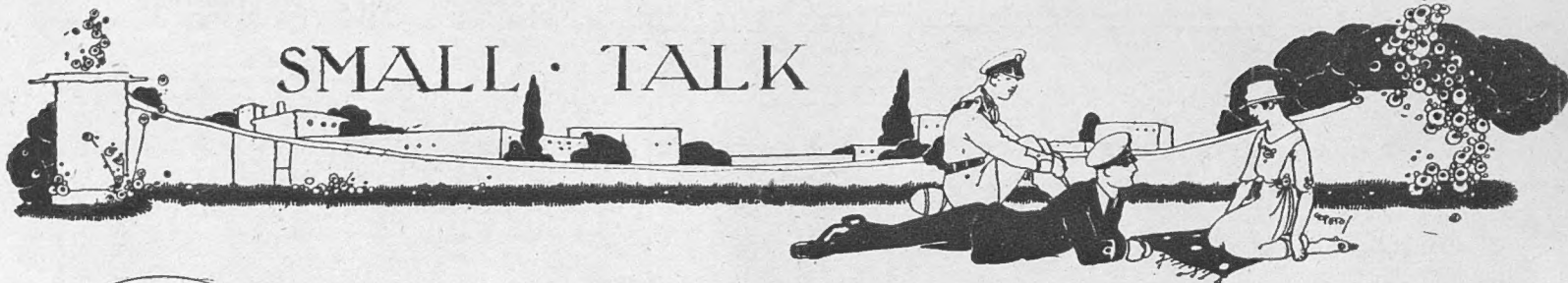


TWICE WIDOWED: MRS. ARTHUR STOCK (FORMERLY LADY DE CLIFFORD).

Mrs. Arthur Stock was married first to the late Lord de Clifford, who died in 1909. By him she had two children—the present Baron and the Hon. Diana Katharine Russell. In 1913 she married Captain Arthur Roy Stock, who died in 1915.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO A COLLEAGUE:
MAJOR F. SCRIMGER, V.C.,
C.A.M.C.

Major Scrimger, of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, is engaged to Miss E. Emerson-Carpenter, of the same corps.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

her in the working of both schemes. She possesses the distinction, not altogether usual amongst Peeresses, of having evolved a special style of dress. From the merely fashionable point of view, the simple style and cut of the frocks she affects might come in for severe criticism, if it were not for the fact that they subtly convey that suggestion of being part and parcel of their wearer which is the first principle of good dressing.

Twins. The birth of a son and daughter to Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey adds another to the not very long list of twins belonging to distinguished families, and, incidentally, makes the Transvaal millionaire the father of a family of five. Lady Bailey is one of the comparatively few women who can claim the prefix Hon. before the title she bears as her husband's



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AVIATOR: LIEUT. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL. Lieut. Campbell was one of the first two American-trained aviators who shot down German aeroplanes at the front.

Photograph by Topical.

LADY WATERFORD'S quiet marriage at the pretty little chapel-of-ease to the parish church of Taney was quite in keeping with the rather quiet life she has always led at Curraghmore, which has been her home since her first marriage. No Irish Peeress has been more closely identified with war-work than Lord Lansdowne's youngest daughter; and her decision to be married in Dublin, the centre of the Irish War Hospital Supply work which she was instrumental in starting, and the headquarters of the Tribute to Nurses Fund, of which she is President, was a piece of thoughtfulness that gave real pleasure to all those who had been associated with



ENGAGED TO CAPT. J. M. ROSE-TROUP, THE QUEEN'S: MISS MARJORIE AMBLER.

Miss Ambler is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ambler. Capt. Rose-Troup, a prisoner of war interned in Holland, is a son of Mr. J. Rose-Troup.—[Photo. Bassano.]

wife. She is the daughter of Lord Rossmore, whose diverting Reminiscences were published a few years ago. As befits her father's child, she is a keen sportswoman and a fine rider—an accomplishment she shares with her husband, whose racing colours are almost as well known at Newmarket as they are in the Transvaal.

Patriot and Sportsman. Sir Abe, by the way, is as good a

patriot as he is a sportsman. He has seen service in German South-West Africa, has raised and equipped a body of sharpshooters for the Western Front, and it is not so many months since the War Office accepted his offer to serve with the British Army in Flanders. It is amusing to recall that Lady Bailey is credited with being the heroine of the "war" story in which a pompous nobleman, after reminding his chauffeur that he was accustomed to being addressed as "my Lord," was startled by the reply, "And I am accustomed to being called 'my Lady.'"

A Much-Discussed Irishman. Sir James Campbell, the Irish Lord

Chancellor, whose remarks on an Irish settlement have created so much stir in Ulster, was one of the most intimate friends of Sir Edward Carson, and closely associated with him in the Ulster Provisional Government. There was at one time no more strenuous member of the little knot of Northern Irishmen who sat on the Speaker's left hand and glowered on the apologists of Home Rule on the Treasury Bench. Sir James is a good classical scholar, and has a competent knowledge of economics as well as of law. Like Sir Edward Carson, he was born outside Ulster; his father was a policeman in Dublin. He had the curious experience of being shut up in Dublin Castle during the Sinn Fein rebellion. His wife is a daughter of a late Professor of Dublin University, which he has represented for fifteen years.

The French President.

M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic, has just attained his fifty-eighth birthday. He is the son of an engineer at Bar-



TO MARRY MAJOR JAMES VAUGHAN, M.C., THE BUFFS, ON AUG. 31: MISS DULCIE CHIESMAN.

Miss Chiesman is a daughter of the late Mr. S. Chiesman and Mrs. Chiesman, of Cliftonville. Major Vaughan is a son of Mr. Stanley Vaughan.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

are urging the creator of the Wessex legend to set about the task. Mr. Hardy, however, by no means always yields to such friendly promptings. In many ways he is the most independent of men, and few people are more difficult to "interview." He lives on the outskirts of Dorchester, and is sometimes seen in the unpretending town museum, to which he has presented the manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Mr. Hardy's physical life has been singularly destitute of incident, but intellectually he has crowded the years, and it is to be hoped that he will not let many years pass without giving us some record of his splendid literary activities.



AUTHOR OF "KITCHENER'S MOB": CAPT. JAMES NORMAN HALL.

Capt. Hall was recently shot down and wounded. He was the first recipient of the American Order for Distinguished Conduct.

Photograph by Topical.

sur-Aube, a little town which has bred a disproportionate number of distinguished men, including two Marshals of France. One of the minor meannesses committed by the invading German Army four years ago was the desecration of houses and monuments belonging to the family. M. Poincaré is little heard of in these days, but his influence is felt, and it is fortunate that in her hour of trial France had the advantage of a chief magistrate of exceptional firmness of character. M. Poincaré was visiting Russia just before the war broke out, and had a rather exciting race home before hostilities began.

The Creator of a volume of memoirs by Mr.

Thomas Hardy. At least, his friends



ENGAGED TO THE BARONESS DE RUTZEN: CAPT. G. PHILIPPS, WELSH GUARDS.

Capt. Philipps, son of Sir Charles Philipps, Bt., and Lady Philipps, of Picton Castle, is to marry Eleanor, widow of Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

AT HOME IN IRELAND: THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S WIFE.



ACTIVE IN WAR-WORK IN LUCKY IRELAND: MRS. EDWARD SHORTT, WITH HER DAUGHTERS EILEEN, DOREEN, AND NORA.

Since they went to Ireland, Mrs. Shortt and her daughters have devoted a great deal of their time to various kinds of war-work. Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Sunderland, Liberal Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, became Chief Secretary for Ireland last May, at the time at which Lord French was

appointed Viceroy. He married Isabella Stewart, daughter of the late A. G. Scott, of Valparaiso, and the late Mrs. Scott, of Edinburgh Terrace, South Kensington. He has a son and three daughters. He is fifty-six, the son of a clergyman, the late Rev. Edward Shortt, of Woodhorn, Northumberland.

Photograph by Poole Waterford.

THE ANNALS OF ARTEMAS

By the Author of "The Book of Artemas."

AT the beginning of the War the size of the British Army was very small. Indeed, so small was it that one deluded potentate was led, in a weak moment, to associate it with the word "Contemptible."

Steps were at once taken to remove this misconceived notion from the gentleman's head—at first by a trifling display at the Battle of the Marne, and afterwards by the addition of another 8,000,000 contemptibles to the originally insignificant total.

The Army was composed of (a) Officers; (b) Men; (c) Sergeant-Majors. A competent S.-M. was able to raise boils on the necks of his audience by the mere incubatory warmth of his conversation.

The chief characteristics of the officers were silk socks, "Cheerio," damning the Army Council, and a knack of getting into the enemy trenches without the enemy's permission.

They were frequently to be found in the corner seats of first-class railway carriages making their way to town on wangled leave. This, apparently, was the only kind of leave obtainable.

In the early days of the War, officers were born, not made; afterwards, they were made as well as born. And the promotion of junior officers was worked on what was known as the Inverse Orange Principle.

When a man got the pip, he automatically became an officer, and was said to be "one pip up." The immediate effect was to render him particularly *blasé* as regards the world generally, and exceedingly impressionable so far as the fair sex was concerned.

A twice-pipped uniform usually contained an equally *blasé* individual, but one decidedly less impressionable.

By the time three pips were up, the wearer of the uniform was bored absolutely stiff; moreover, he was frankly suspicious of anything in skirts, and was liable to take fright on the slightest grounds.

Indeed, an authentic instance is recorded of a certain Staff captain who, aroused in the dusk of early morning by the unexpected arrival of a full-busted Highland pal, greeted the apparition with a tersely indignant, expostulatory "Madam!"

The senior officers, who (continuing the Orange analogy) were known as "pipless bloods," were either married or cautious to a most remarkable degree.

Besides the usual indications of their rank and authority, certain of the officers

were decorated with red tabs, brass hats, and other awe-inspiring tokens of dignity and eminence.

Becomingly displayed upon the upholstery of an umpteen horse-powered car (with a thirst for petrol which was popularly supposed to be appalling), they did their bit by thus bringing home to the people the horrors of the Great World War.

With regard to the men—affectionately known as "the boys," in spite of Sir Francis Lloyd's stern objection—the greater portion of their time was devoted to cursing the sergeant, dodging fatigues, grousing at everything and—fighting like devils.

Each man was possessed of a number of seedy relatives and a prolific wife. Even

an international reputation as a humourist, and a new branch of the Army was hastily formed in its honour.

These creeping Claras were held in high affection by all ranks. They had an unobtrusive way of doing things, and a contempt for obstacles that got them there every time.

They were of two kinds. One, after the manner of a motherly tortoise, attained its objective by sheer force of character. Its appearance, if heredity counts, was that of the mongrel child of an ancient velocipede and a spirited steam-roller.

The other, of slimmer build, was known as a whippet. It was more inclined to gambol than its ponderous parent, and some

of its lightning acrobatic stunts—entertaining, without being vulgar—were matters for sheer innocent delight.

The Huns, lacking all sense of humour, had a distinct aversion to both types, deliberately going out of their way to avoid them, and even writing nasty letters of complaint about them to the editors of their local newspapers.

In discussing the British Army at the time of the Great War, reference must necessarily be made to the various sources from which it was recruited.

As regards the Home contingents, so little is really known about them from the official records that it would be hardly fitting to include them in this semi-official chronicle of the salient phases of the war.

The rest of the Army consisted of Overseas men. These were easily recognisable, either from their familiar use of the word "Kid," or because of their picturesque style of head-gear.

They were made up in part of Australasians, who, early in the War, made a name for themselves by which they were ever afterwards known as "Anzacs."

On account of their becoming hats, and the determined manner of their love-making, they lacerated the hearts of half the female population of the Old Country.

The Canadians came from a comparatively cold country. They reflected none of this frigidity, however, either in the Strand or at the Battle of Vimy Ridge.

And their consistent appropriation of the available supply of English womanhood compelled the Government to place a ban upon any further export of wives from the United Kingdom to Canada.



A TANK ON THE STAGE: A TABLEAU "ATOP" THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[Photograph by White.]

so, there were many unbelieving officers who refused to accept a second death of the same relative as a sufficient reason for granting special leave; and a consistent four-monthly addition to a man's family was treated with an equal lack of sympathetic indulgence.

There was a useful appendage, known as a separation allowance, attached to every man; this increased his matrimonial value considerably.

It possessed a certain peculiarity in that it was not detachable by himself; and, until detached, it received no official recognition. Fortunately, however, there was no lack of offers from ladies willing to help him to bring it into useful operation.

When the War had been in progress a little time, some happily inspired (anonymous) soul invented a new and fearsome fighting machine, which was promptly christened a "Tank." It rapidly achieved

PAVILIONED IN—"AS YOU WERE"; HOUSED IN DELYSIUM.

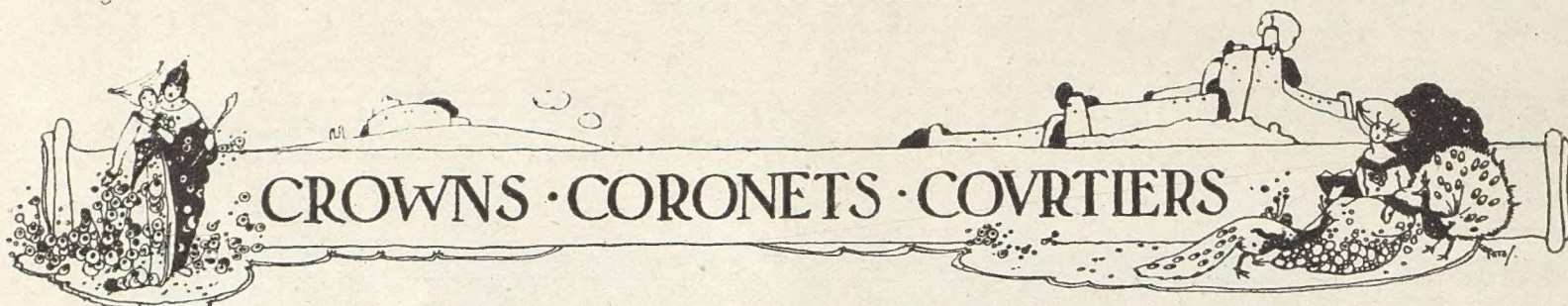


1. OCCUPIED BY LADY BOOST, NINON DE L'ENCLOS, HUNDINE, AND HELEN OF TROY: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA'S BED-ROOM.
 2. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN THE BATH-ROOM: Mlle DELYSIA IN HER DAINTY HOME, AND A DAINTY DRESSING-GOWN.

We have given a number of photographs lately of Mlle. Alice Delysia in the Pavilion revue, "As You Were," where she is seen successively as Lady Boost, as Ninon de L'Enclos, as Hundine (a Lady of the Hunzollern Court), as Helen of Troy, and, finally, as Lady Boost again. By

way of contrast, we are now able to show her as she is in the privacy of her own home. Even the luxurious Ninon, and Helen with her Greek instinct for beauty, could find no fault with their modern representative's taste in furniture—to say naught of dressing-gowns.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE Queen "handed" to the Red Cross the pig presented to her. So, at least, the papers say. We must be thankful they did not say that she "literally" handed it, as a leading Pressman lately said of Lord Rhondda—that "he literally died in harness." Sir Philip Burne-Jones once told me that he intended to put into pictures a number of the *facons-de-parler* that pass muster in speech but cannot be translated into black and white without turning to burlesque. There is one great temptation for the painter to treat the Queen in the act of "handing" a pig to any one—the uncommonly pretty hands which are her Majesty's.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. S. H. GILLETT, M.C., MIDDLESEX REGT.: MISS AUDREY WARDLAW.

Miss Wardlaw is the only daughter of the late Capt. Edgar Penrose Wardlaw, D.C.L.I., and Mrs. Wardlaw, of Barrow, Lichfield. Capt. Gillett is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gillett, of Holmwood, Highgate.

Photograph by Swaine.

sight of Queen Victoria in 1837, alludes to her hands in a note of admiration. And what rough work the loveliest hands of women are now undertaking. Some of these are even still manicured hands, gloves protecting. But you cannot nurse in gloves, or tend babies in gloves. You cannot even milk in gloves, for the cows would know, who (as farmers are beginning to re-learn) yield more milk to the delicate fingers of a woman. The cowman will be a rarer character after the war than he was before. The milkmaid will come again.

"Empty" London. Nobody talks now about "the season," its "last" dinner, its last dance, its last garden-party. There is no sudden diminution in the number of riders in the Row, or of carriages drawn up to await the passing of Royalty. Where there is no beginning, there is no ending. Not for one single afternoon this summer has the Park resumed its old manners. All the same, a great many people have gone out of town, although town had been hardly aware, by ordinary signs or proofs, of their presence there. Hyde Park Corner has drawn down its blinds, beginning with "No. 1, London," and continuing to No. 144, Piccadilly, which Lord and Lady Allendale have left for Bywell Hall, Northumberland, taking their girls with them. Yorkshire is sufficiently "going North" for Lord and Lady Galway, who have gone to historic Serlby Hall. But Scotland is still the lure-land, whether for the Princess Royal, Lord Lansdowne, or



WORKING FOR SOME TIME PAST AT A V.A.D. HOSPITAL IN FRANCE: MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Mrs. Raymond Asquith is a daughter of Sir John Horner and a daughter-in-law of the ex-Premier. Her husband, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action in 1916. She has three children.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Women's Hands.

Queens' hands, having so often to be seen and saluted, ought, of course, to be beautiful above all others. And that has been their frequent luck. Anne of Austria's of old may have owed something to Vandyke. But Queen Alexandra's are still in evidence; and Disraeli, writing to his sister about his first



ENGAGED TO MR. GERALD A. HARRIS, KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS: MISS BERYL GRAY. Miss Beryl Gray is the youngest daughter of Mr. F. W. Gray, of 17, Clive Road, Penarth. Mr. Gerald Harris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Harris, of Dumfries.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO MAJOR KEITH R. PARK, M.C., C. DE G., R.F.A. AND R.A.F.: MISS DOROTHY (DOL) MARGARITA PARISH.

Miss Parish is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Woodbine Parish, of 2, Stanhope Street, Hyde Park. Major Park is the son of Prof. J. L. Park, F.G.S., B.Sc., of Aberdeen and New Zealand.

Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.

Mr. Asquith. Not everybody, however, is there whom the papers so place. Lady Carbery, for instance, landing from British East Africa, read of her arrival North of the Tweed while she was still on the high seas. Lady Milford Haven had a like experience, reading in the Isle of Wight that she was really in Rome.

Femininities.

Burleigh House by Stamford town has a place of its own in Victorian poetry. In another way, another house in that vicinity is unique. That is Edith Weston Hall in the village of Edith Weston. We have our Maryboroughs and our Maryports. We have our Maiden Bradley (where the Duke and Duchess of Somerset now are), our Womenswould, our Victoria, and even our Evesham—a tardy tribute to poor Eve, who, as Lient. Ralph Hodgson reminds us, never had the advantage of a mother's care. But feminine nomenclature is comparatively rare in our towns and villages, and the Dowager who has just taken Edith Weston Hall is particularly proud of the Address. Talking of feminines, one must, it seems, draw the line somewhere, whatever one's preferences. The Trinity, for instance, is feminine in French. But a French abbé, dedicating his book to the Trinity, startles us by beginning "Madame"!

Lady Leconfield's Appeal.

In her fascinating booklet, "A Petworth Posie," Lady Leconfield makes a moving appeal for the Sussex prisoners of war. These now number over five hundred, and Lady Leconfield wants "adopters" who will write to them, find out their relatives, and be benevolent go-betweens. For each one of "these brothers of ours" Lady Leconfield says that £40 a year is required for food alone. In the booklet now sold for their benefit, the Keeper of the National Gallery writes of Turner at Petworth, and one of Turner's pictures of Petworth is reproduced for the first time. Constable and Leslie often painted there; and a story is told of Leslie's little daughter watching fireworks in the Park, and then turning away with something weighing on her mind. She could bear it no longer. "Won't God be shot?"

she asked in a shock of sensitiveness that one wonders whether the undaunted child of to-day, seeing the heavens riddled with the shrapnel of anti-aircraft guns, ever includes among its distresses.



ENGAGED TO MR. BASIL RAWDON JACKSON, R.G.A.: MISS MARJORIE WARNER. Miss Warner is the third daughter of Mr. Aucher Warner, K.C., Attorney-General of Trinidad, and Mrs. Warner. Mr. Basil R. Jackson, son of the late Sir Henry and Lady Jackson, holds a commission in the Royal Garrison Artillery.

Photograph by Swaine.



A WORKER AT THE EAGLE HUT AND THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN: LADY CHEYLESMORE.

Lady Cheylesmore has maintained and housed a Belgian Convent School for 3½ years at Cooper's Hill Park, her country home, and has recently received the Order of Merit of Queen Elizabeth from the King of the Belgians.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

PRINCESS ARTHUR AS NURSE : AT MARYLEBONE ROAD.



WORKING AT QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S LYING-IN HOSPITAL : PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT ON DUTY.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, who, it will be recalled, was Princess Alexandra, and is Duchess of Fife, elder daughter of the Princess Royal, Dowager Duchess of Fife, is the Patron of the Ladies' Association of that very deserving institution, Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, Marylebone Road, and it is there that she is training. Our photographs show her at

work. Since Queen Charlotte became its Patron in 1810, the hospital has always enjoyed the patronage of the Queen. Each year some 2000 patients are received into the wards, and about the same number are attended in their own homes. An urgent appeal is made for funds to carry on the excellent work done.—[Photographs by Russell.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I, as our contribution to the betterment of product and workmanship after the war, and for the encouragement of thrift while it lasts, are forthwith, and under penalty of heavy taxation, to throw away our money on the shoddy! If you don't believe me, ask the Luxury-Tax-Gatherer-in-Chief.

As real and sensible economists, you and I go to the right places and pay the right prices for our clothes; and our clothes last three times as long as those of our falsely economical neighbour. You and I (presuming I am now chin-wagging to one of my own sex) pay from nine to ten guineas for our lounge suits, and they serve us nobly for three sets of springs and autumns. Our falsely economical neighbour pays seven or eight guineas for his, and it serves him shabbily for one spring and one autumn.

And for saving the big difference between the low price and the high price, and, perhaps, putting it into War Bonds, you and I are fined by the Luxury-Tax-Gatherer-in-Chief!

A Government official knocked one evening at my door. He used to be the bailiff's man before he was promoted; and still a most unpleasant look of greasiness he wore, and still he had a beery breath, and still his face was bloated.

I bade him tell me why he came with bag and papers buff. I said I owed not any man—which wasn't Washingtonian. "Attend to me," he answered; and his voice was thick and gruff; and raised he in reproach his hand, a gaunt and lean and bony 'un—

"I understand from information recently received that you have bought a pair of boots to last you all the autumn! Such wicked conduct on your part I could not have believed, unless I'd wormed the secret out of him from whom you bought 'em!

"And, further, your economy has led you to invest in clothes that might conceivably outlive the war's duration. I beg you to regard yourself as under my arrest." Whereon the blighter called a cab and took me to the station.



MR. LESLIE HENSON AND HIS CONCERT PARTY SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE: THE GAETIES.

As we have noted before, Mr. Leslie Henson began his Army life as an air-mechanic of the R.F.C. Now he has work more suited to his great abilities as a comedian. In the photograph are (Front) Leslie Henson; Vaughan Richards; Bert Errol; Sydney Turner; Gilbert Sillick; W. Ewart Noble; (Back) Rob Currie; Roy Hardy; Peter Shannon; Teddy Houlton; Frank Kenney; Stanley Brightman. All are professionals except Messrs. Sillick, Noble, Kenney, and Hardy.—[Photograph by C.N.]

The magistrate, with righteous rage, was quite himself beyond. He fined me fifty shillings, and in costs another fifty; which forced me from the war to take a hundred-shilling bond! The moral of this story is, BEWARE OF BEING THRIFTY!

Exemption for the wedding-ring has greatly bucked the bigamist. So cheap it is to have her fling, she'll now become a trigamist!

We are all very nervy and jaggy and super-sensitive. We can't help it, although we know only too well what is at the bottom of this distressing mental epidemic, and how silly it is to let it get the better of us. A little over four years ago, if it had been got



SECOND-LIEUTENANT LESLIE HENSON AS ENTERTAINER SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE: MR. HENSON AND MR. BERT ERROL—OF THE LESLIE HENSON CONCERT PARTY, THE GAETIES.

Photograph by C.N.

about in the Press that our noble telephone girls joined the London telephone service for the sole purpose of contracting marriage, they would have giggled merrily among themselves, and looked out eagerly for the next bit of cheery nonsense of the same sort.

And if the suggestion had happened in a musical-comedy song—sung, for instance, by Mr. Leslie Henson—both song and singer would have become at once the pet of the exchanges. Indeed, one would like to hear from Mr. Jack Norworth the precise number of the thousands of complaints that gentleman received during the year for singing his flirting song, "Kitty on the Telephone," or to what extent the publishers of that delightful Kitty ditty have been deluged with objections from the L.T.S. young ladies. ("Number, please!") But these being "revolting" times (in more senses than one), the telephone girls, headed by Miss Edith Howse, are in revolt because a newspaper advertisement has hinted that going into the L.T.S. might possibly involve an introduction to the popular son of Bacchus and Venus! . . . Ah, well! . . .

I oft had heard a charming voice responding brightly to my call, and felt that if I had a choice, the owner should possess my all. I rang her up and told her so, with warmth that might the Pole unfreeze, and talked of hearts and Cupid's bow. But all she said was: "Number, please!"

I gave the winters of my age, and told her what I earned a year. I quoted Shelley by the page, and whispered Byron in her ear. But though the most refined I read of honey from these busy B's, it did not seem to turn her head! She only answered: "Number, please!"

I mentioned millinery, rings, and dainty articles of dress, and lots of other pretty things I fancied might extract her "Yes." I pictured the parental bliss of children climbing round our knees. But all in vain, for even this but brought the question: "Number, please?"

A. B. M.

FROM "CLERK IN AN ATTORNEY'S FIRM" TO LIEUTENANT, R.N.V.R.



1. THE HERO AS SOLICITOR'S CLERK: MR. DENNIS EADIE IN "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."

3. THE HEROINE—A RICH ATTORNEY'S YOUNG AND LOVELY DAUGHTER: MISS BILLIE CARLETON AS PHYLLIS.

Though George Smith, solicitor's clerk, did not rise to be "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," he got as far as Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and saved a British cargo steamer from a German submarine, saving also, incidentally, his late employer and his employer's pretty daughter,

2. THE HERO AS NAVAL OFFICER: MR. DENNIS EADIE AS LIEUT. GEORGE SMITH, WITH MISS MARION LORNE.

4. HELPING THE HERO TO DISCOVER THE GERMAN VILLAIN'S PLOT: MISS MARION LORNE AS JENNY WEATHERSBEE.

whom he had unsuccessfully courted in his clerkly days. In frustrating the plot of a German agent, he is assisted by a fair American, also saved from a torpedoed ship. Such, in outline, is the story of Mr. Walter Hackett's new play, "The Freedom of the Seas," at the Haymarket.

THE RETURN OF TERESA: A STAR IN HER PLACE AGAIN AT DALY'S.





"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS": MISS JOSÉ COLLINS.

Dalyites are rejoicing in the return of Miss José Collins, who, after a very well-earned "holiday," during which she has been "filming" for Sir Hall Caine, is Teresa, Maid of the Mountains,

once more. "The Maid," by the way, reached its six-hundred-and-fiftieth performance yesterday—no bad record, and for a production that is guaranteed All-British.—[Foulslam and Brasfield, Ltd.]

A GREAT SUCCESS AT THE "PAV.": A NEW REVUE FIND.



1. BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE WITH "FRITZ":
MISS MONA VIVIAN AS ANNA.

3. IN ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL NUMBER—"NURSE":
MISS MONA VIVIAN AS NURSE JANE.

2. ONE "LITTLE BIT OF GREECE": MISS MONA VIVIAN
AS PHRYNE IN "ATHENS."

4. AS NICOLE "AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.":
MISS MONA VIVIAN IN "AS YOU WERE."

Miss Mona Vivian has sprung to the front of revue by her triumphs in "As You Were," at the London Pavilion, and on the first night Mlle. Alice Delysia generously insisted on bringing her forward to share the honours after the final curtain. Miss Vivian's chief hit is her song,

"Fritz," which she sings in the scene at the "Court of the Hunzollern, Potterdammerung." Another successful song of hers is "Nurse" in the last scene, while the duet with Miss Daisy Hancox, "Two Little Bits of Greece," is also one of the best things in the revue.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

MARQUISE, MYRRHA, AND FEMALE SWALLOW: A PAVILIONETTE.



1. AS MARQUISE IN THE LOUIS XIV. SCENE: MISS DAISY HANCOX IN "AS YOU WERE."

3. IN THE "PRIMEVAL FOREST" SCENE: MISS DAISY HANCOX AS A FEMALE SWALLOW.

2. ONE "LITTLE BIT OF GREECE": MISS DAISY HANCOX AS MYRRHA IN THE ATHENS SCENE.

4. A FEMALE SWALLOW: MISS DAISY HANCOX IN "AS YOU WERE," AT THE PAVILION.

Miss Daisy Hancox has made a notable success of her appearance as a revue "principal," in "As You Were," at the London Pavilion. In the second scene, "At the Court of Louis XIV.," as Marquise, she sings a dainty song entitled "Watteau." In the Morality Play at the

Hunzollern Court she impersonates Laziness. As Myrrha in the ancient Greek scene, she joins Miss Mona Vivian in the excellent duet, "Two Little Bits of Greece," which is one of the chief hits of the piece. Finally, in "A Primeval Forest," she makes a fascinating "Female Swallow."



THE NEW POOR—A PASTORAL.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



HE THINKS the next five years or so of the war will see us differently habited, and inhabiting different places! To begin with, take this coming year, for instance: it will find us all clothed in silks and velvets, which once spelt sumptuousness, because the "simple serviceable serge" won't be for mere citizenesses like us, but for the broad backs of our American allies, whom we have undertaken to re-khaki when war-worn.

So, my readeresses, you had better buy your velvet frock while the sun shines, and put it by for a snowy day! Also keep precious your old cloth or serge dresses, instead of converting them into pads to polish furniture with! Fortunately, there seems to be plenty of silk about; we must wear something—we are not all appearing in revue!

Black frocks un-austered with white as collar and belt, and mole-grey satin or poplin dresses are the newest things London is offering just at present. While I think of it, the pierrot collar, with cuffs of pleated lawn, or net, or crêpe, is showing its flippant self again, and looks very young and fresh on frocks already "tired."

And if you are interested in clothes you should see "The Luck of the Navy," at the Queen's, in which some smart to-morrow's frocks are seen, and worn with an air, too!

Speaking of novelties, I saw something in a shop lately which made me stare. They were alluring knickers of striped silk "made to order to match any regimental colours." *Quoi!*—but, then, to the simple (that's me), everything is singular!

And that's all about clothes; but I did mention some other new things in which we'll find ourselves—that's "home, sweet home," as you say so nicely.

Once upon a time it was the ambition of any *nouveau riche* to instal his small army of servants, himself and his wife, in the rarefied region which reaches from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner (longitude), and from Stanhope Gate to Hanover Square (latitude). Now the *nouveau riche*, and those to whom it happened long enough ago to make it ancient history, are exiling themselves and wives (their army of servants are actually there, in the Army!) to less exalted Lares et Penates. What is the good of a palace in Park Lane if sixteen out of seventeen bed-rooms have to be kept closed for lack of maids? What is one to do with the museums that went by the name of reception-rooms, with no one to dust the *objets d'art*, or to draw the blinds so that the sun should not freckle the buxom

Rembrandt wives, or change the atmosphere of the melancholy Corots?

What is the good of spacious kitchens and their collections of copper cauldrons when the *chef*, near another fire, is sculpting potatoes in the shade of the tanks?

So, left to his own resources (*sans chauffeur, sans chef, et sans maid*), resolutely the rich man rusticates.

For miles around London town all the cottages which Queen Anne may have had on her conscience, or plausibly been accused of, are being bought, and not for a song, either—more exactly for an opera! The big house is given over to the Red Cross; the Parklanians, under their thatch, dream of the time when, labour being available, they'll be able to modernise and banalise their find. Meanwhile, a tub does for a bath-room, *et tout le monde est content!*

London firms can still find it possible to fit and fix up a Mayfair Mansion; but it would be preposterous to ask them to send their expert to measure and drape the three and a-half windows of the sweetest Shakespearean retreat!

I know a woman who, following the fashion, I should say, had "discovered" the quaintest and coquettishest cottage that ever was built. It had actually oak beams and creepers, a real well in the garden, and a suicidal staircase in the sitting-room. The first fortnight was for her one of bliss, then the untidiness and dilapidated condition of the place worried her. Then she began inviting all her friends to weeding tea-parties and white-washing luncheons!—when I say her friends, I should say, her female friends, for the *châtelaine* (!) of the cottage (to use the word *châtelaine* as you use it in English) was a man-hater and a determined widow—i.e., a widow determined to remain such!

Then one week-end when I came down to her with a pair of old gloves in my bag, prepared to help with some household or garden job, I found in the small, low cottage a small, short man, who must have come by a very early train! The determined widow introduced him with a sort of shy enthusiasm. I saw little of him, as he was always flitting about with a hammer, or a paint-brush, or a strand of raffia hanging from his mouth.

Next week-end he was again at the cottage, and the determined widow showed me a rabbit-hutch which he had just completed. The next week-end I was made to admire shelves in the kitchen, the masterpiece of the perpetual non-paying guest. The next I spied two tooth-brushes in the bath-room, and was shown, too, a rustic table in the garden which he had made out of a tree, and the determined widow told me of their engagement. She did not exactly apologise, but she did explain.

"Augustus may not look like a hero out of a novel," she said (in truth), "but, oh, my dear, he is such a handy man!"



"A tub does for a bath-room."



"Alluring knickers of striped silk."

WEDDINGS OF THE DAY: BRIDES-TO-BE, AND IN BEING.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GEORGE PHILIPPS: BARONESS DE RUTZEN.



ENGAGED TO MR. BERNARD PONSONBY SULLIVAN: MISS DOROTHY HATTERSLEY.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. J. DUBOIS: MISS DOROTHY PHYLLIS STEGGALL.



ENGAGED TO COMMANDER E. O. B. S. OSBORNE, R.N.: MISS JOAN MASTER.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR ANTHONY BOVILL, M.C.: MISS ELEANOR V. MONINS.



MARRIED RECENTLY, TO AN OFFICER IN THE KING'S REGIMENT: MRS. BRUNYEE HARSTON (FORMERLY MISS JOAN SINCLAIR PLUMER PRICE).

Captain George Philipps, Welsh Guards, is the son of Sir Charles Philipps Bt., of Picton Castle. Baroness de Rutzen is the widow of Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park, and daughter of the late Pelham Thursby Pelham, J.P.—Mr. Sullivan, of the Consular Service, is the youngest son of the Rev. Ponsonby A. M. Sullivan, Vicar of Rangeworthy.—Captain Dubois, of Melbourne, is in the Duke of Cambridge's Own. Miss Steggall is the elder daughter of the Rev. W. Sterndale Steggall, of Baughurst Rectory,

Basingstoke.—Commander Osborne is the only surviving son of the late Captain H. B. Osborne, and Mrs. Osborne, of Nevern Square. Miss Master is the younger daughter of Mr. Godfrey C. Chester Master, of Rangeworthy Court, Yate.—Miss Eleanor Victoria Monins is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monins, of Ringwould House, near Dover. Major Bovill (Lancers) is a son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bovill.—Mrs. Brunyee Harston is the wife of Captain Brunyee Harston, of the King's Regiment.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE simple dame who asked why Saint-Simon was canonised rather resembled that other worthy soul who said there were things in Gulliver she positively could not believe. There is more of the hearth than the critic about readers like these, and yet their artless comments are worth reams of high-falutin' disquisition. Hitherto the ducal diarist has been a sort of quarry and a target for our historians to use freely and abuse rather worse. But France has been ungrateful, too, for his three hundred volumes of manuscript languished for a century and a-half, until they saw the light of decent print, and even now, the best (that is to say—the worst) part is a closed book to the public. It is the same, of course, with our own Sam Pepys; but the Duke covers twenty times as long a period as Samuel, and he could write into the bargain. The points in common between them are frankness, and the fact that each served a merry monarch.

On second thoughts, I apologise to Charles II., for he was a thumb-sucker compared with Louis XIV. After all, the worst thing he ever did was to sell himself to Louis and break up the Triple Alliance; whereas Louis sold his people into a slavery of debt, and set up a new triple alliance from which it took a Napoleon and a French Revolution to deliver them. That alliance was the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; or, in other words, the Duc de Maine, the apoplectic Regent, Orléans, and his weasel-faced Eminence, Cardinal Dubois.

All this, and infinitely more, in the way of intrigue and iniquity crops up in a long day's browsing through these two concluding volumes of a great work. Walled up as Saint-Simon was in his passion for the old régime, our diarist must have had humour as well as honour, and borne a piercing and powerful brain in his cramped little body. He refused great office for reasons that did him credit; and found compensation for his debts and disappointments, and those deformed "dachshunds," his children, in the quiet room of a country château, where he wrote this vast panorama of the greatest and meanest period of tyranny the world has seen till to-day. It remains to praise Mr. Arkwright, the editor-translator, and Mr. Paul, the publisher, for their splendid enterprise. They have given English readers the vividest glimpse of history we have had since Macaulay passed away.

The man who knows his "Bindle" is always sure of a laugh, and there is no reason to draw on memory for it yet. For Mr. Jenkins has launched this Cockney philosopher of his into a new series of adventures, where Bindle shows himself as buoyant and caustic and original as ever. We hope to accompany him on many an escapade into fields afar, and it seems to us amazing that a mere ex-Londoner like Charlie Chaplin should be advertising this country about the earth when there is a healthy patriot like Joe Bindle ready to hand.

We little thought, when we saw Mr. Cyril Ionides' barge-palace described in the *Spectator*, to see it figuring in a book with colour-sketches by Mr. Arnold Bennett. Here it is, however, thanks to the expert descriptive pen of Mr. Atkins, with all sorts of raptures about the river and the Essex coast—such a book, in fact, as we have not had since Charles Pears drew and related

his voyage from Hammersmith into the grim North Sea in a home-made craft, and somebody else made another book of a similar trip from the Thames to the Danube. It makes the breeziest kind of reading, but Arnold Bennett as an artist in water-colour is something of a shock.

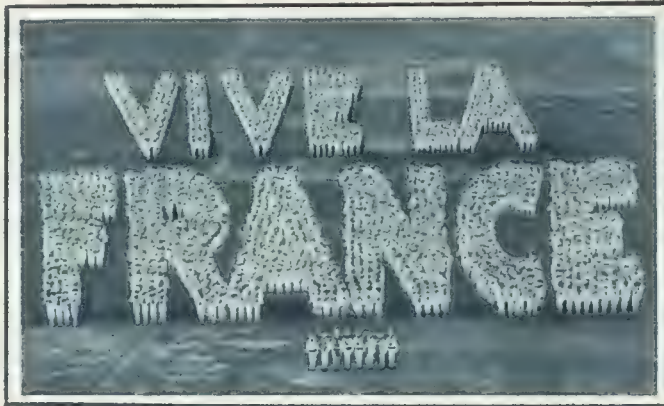
Now that the nights are "drawing in," novels have begun to raid us. Mrs. Croker's "Bridget" is a courageous handling of a lovable character in surroundings likely to be deserted by fiction for some time to come; and the soldier-lover who carries her off is the pick of a capital group of interesting people. Miss Mary Johnston forsakes the regions of her previous

stories for a long plunge into universal history, which she links up by a series of episodes to illustrate the evolution of woman from a cave-dweller into a full-blown modern novelist. But the primal cave in Chapter One is no draughtier than her gusty narrative, and one feels there ought to be a reward offered for the lost reader about half-way through. Mrs. Forbes marries an

Irishwoman to a German plutocrat, which is about as healthy a start for a first-class villain as anybody would desire. But she interests us in the problem that confronts us—their son, and we wonder how she does it.

Three light war-books seem calculated to knock fiction out on its own ground. Mildred Aldrich writes a Preface for the "Letters of Mrs. Thomasina Atkins," a private in the "Waacs," and mixes English and French scenery with French and English heroism under the pall of war. "Private Peat" makes rich descriptive copy of some of the grimmest fighting of the last three or four years; and the book is just the sort of thing not only to send to Tommy in the lines, but also to put in the hands of a waverer in patriotism, if any such there

be. Mrs. Vassal's book is the romantic love-story of a French officer and an Englishwoman, and full of merit.



LIVING LETTERS: "VIVE LA FRANCE" FORMED BY MEN AT THE GREAT LAKES U.S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION.

Photograph by Topical.



LIVING LETTERS: "GOD AND THE RIGHT" FORMED BY MEN AT THE GREAT LAKES U.S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION.—[Photograph by Topical.]

BOOKS TO READ.

- Memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon. Vols. V. and VI. (Stanley Paul.)
- Adventures of Bindle. By Herbert Jenkins. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)
- A Floating Home. By C. Ionides and J. B. Atkins. (Chatto.)
- Bridget. By B. M. Croker. (Hutchinson.)
- The Wanderers. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)
- The Duchess Grace. By M. C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock.)
- His Alien Enemy. By E. M. Forbes. (Murray.)
- Letters of Thomasina Atkins. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- A Romance of the Western Front. By G. N. Vassal. (Heinemann.)
- Private Peat. By H. R. Peat. (Hutchinson.)

"PELMANISM." By ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

AT the invitation of the Directors I have investigated the Pelman system. I judge it from the experience gained during the fifty years I was associated with the training of officers, men, and boys in the Royal Navy. The old sailing Navy provided the finest possible mental and physical training. It taught initiative, presence of mind, accurate observation, habitual defiance of danger, ready resource, and an extraordinary hardihood. At sea a man holds his life on the condition that he possesses these qualities. Frequent emergencies are part of the ordinary routine, and the penalty of failing to meet them is inevitable. There is no arguing with a gale of wind.

Things happen oftener at sea than on land. There are moments when they happen so suddenly that there is no time to give an order, and a man must act instantly on his own initiative, and act rightly, or it will be too late. It was for this reason that the old sail-drill and seamanship training were extremely rigorous. Neither the modern seaman nor the landsman owns any conception of the severity of sail-drill in a fleet, in which each ship strove to outdo the other, and in which many a man lost his life by falling from aloft. The emulation inspired by the competition of ship with ship in the Fleet made a powerful motive for exertion and smartness. There was not then, and is not now, anything comparable with it on land. When the Navy changed from sail to steam it became necessary to devise other methods to train the seaman to smartness, agility, and resource. Education in seamanship, evolutions, steam, electricity, gunnery, torpedo, signalling, and scientific physical training has made the modern naval seaman second to none.

Broadly speaking, the character and the abilities of the competent seaman enable him, should he leave the sea and enter a shore occupation, to learn it readily and to achieve success in a new career. Compared with the conditions which he has been accustomed to face and the difficulties he habitually solves at sea, the seaman finds life ashore a much easier business. Now if we reverse the case and send a landsman to sea, at first he would be helpless.

The object of the Pelman system is to enable the individual to bring all his powers into harmonious action. It would be true to say that to enable the student rightly to use his native abilities is the object of all education. The education of the sea, which is the system I know best, certainly fulfils that purpose. Now a great part of the education of a boy consists in learning how to use his powers, but without knowing what he is doing. He is set to learn lessons and perform tasks day after day, the use of which he often fails to perceive. He does not understand, and he is not told, that the work he is made to do teaches him how to use his intellect. He thinks that education consists in acquiring information, in which very often he takes no interest whatever. Nevertheless, if he does the work required of him he learns to use his powers unconsciously.

The Pelman system teaches the man and the woman both how to use their undeveloped faculties, consciously; and how, consciously, to make the best use of the ability and the knowledge they already possess.

Now, in almost every person, in addition to imperfectly developed faculties, there exists a reserve of latent power and ability, of which the individual himself is usually unconscious. It exists not only in those who have never received an adequate education, but in persons of high education and of considerable achievement. In the course of ordinary life it is often observable that a sudden emergency will call forth an ability to meet it. During the present war, for instance, there have been innumerable examples of men who have done what they never dreamed of doing, and who have achieved what they would have thought impossible. Necessity, danger, and circumstance have forced them to draw upon their reserve powers.

The Pelman system teaches how consciously to develop and employ reserve powers. It teaches, first of all, that their existence is a fact; then how to call upon them and then how to make their use habitual. Again, it is a part of the very remarkable ingenuity of the system, that it applies to the uneducated and the educated alike. The man of slow intellect will, naturally, find the course more difficult than the man who owns a high degree of mental capacity; but both will use the same methods. The requisite differentiation is made in the help given by means of the work-papers of the staff of the Pelman Institute. The answers to the questions set in the work-papers enable the members of the staff to give the student the particular advice he needs. The work-papers are examination papers, the answers to whose questions reveal to what purpose the student has read the books of the course; but they are more. To answer the questions it is necessary that the student should use not merely his memory but his reason; and therefore his answers indicate the degree of his mental ability. Hence it is that a student may fail to answer a single question correctly, yet he may be receiving as much benefit from the exercise as a student who correctly answers all the questions.

The Pelman system does not, except incidentally, impart information. It teaches the student how to gain the information he needs in the quickest way. And this practical ability is not acquired by learning a trick, but by consciously observing and following the natural laws which regulate the mind. The information in question may be practical or theoretical; it may consist in technical practice, or in the results of observation, or in the knowledge to be gained from books; the method of acquiring it is the same.

And the Pelman system also teaches the student how to retain his knowledge. *It teaches him how to remember.* There are, of course, certain peculiar defects of memory which no system can cure. Nor can the Pelman system restore the failing memory of old age, though in many cases the course will improve it. But, apart from these exceptions, the system produces an extraordinary improvement in the power of memory. What is called a bad memory is usually due rather to mental indolence than to mental defect. The Pelman system shows the student how to overcome that indolence, and also teaches various methods, based upon the natural laws of association, each of which is devised to apply to a particular kind of knowledge; as, for instance, signalling, the parts of a ship, identification of a ship's company, historical events and their dates, and a series of miscellaneous items.

In middle life, when the energy of youth is waning, when the illusions of youth are dissolving, and when the hopes of youth are fading, a man tends to relax, both physically and mentally. His choice is determined, and the incentive of ambition has wasted away. Because he no longer makes the effort required to keep him in condition, his muscles become soft, his chest narrows, his shoulders stoop, his latitude increases out of all proportion to his longitude. At the same time, his mental processes become stereotyped; he becomes insusceptible to new ideas; and he begins to lose initiative. It is for this reason that I have always advocated the making of Admirals at a much younger age than the age at which captains are promoted under the present system.

Now, as a course of physical training and continued physical exercise will restore the middle-aged to bodily efficiency and enable them to retain vigour and agility to extreme old age, so a course of mental training and continued mental exercise will restore the middle-aged to mental enterprise, perception, and initiative, enabling them to make full use of that experience which is their recompense for the loss of their youth. The Pelman system provides the course of mental training and teaches the method of continued exercises required.

The test of the value of the Pelman system, like the test of the value of any other system, is the result. What is the testimony of the students who have taken the Course? I have read many letters written by students when they have completed their course. These epistles are signed by men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. The Services contribute letters from Admirals down ranks and ratings to ordinary seamen and stokers, and from Generals to privates, and it is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman course of study.

Many of the letters received by the Pelman Institute from the lower deck and from the ranks during the Course begin with an apology for delay in sending their work-papers. The seaman explains that just as he was sitting down in his mess to the work, his ship was ordered to sail, and he has since had no time to spare by day or by night. The soldier says that just as he was lying down in his dug-out, and engaging in Pelmanism by the light of a solitary candle, the Boche attacked, and after it was all over he could not find his papers. But they stick to the Course in spite of all. And during the spells of inaction at sea, and intervals spent behind the lines on land, the study of the Pelman system is described as an inestimable relief to monotony, and as giving a new interest to life.

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

Nor does the Pelman system supplant any system of education. There are systems of education, such as sea-training, Army training, training to a handicraft, school and university training, which enable the intelligent and zealous student to use his powers to the full. But even to him, the Pelman system would probably serve to bring to his consciousness methods which he is using consciously, and thereby strengthening his use of them. In any case, the mental technique imparted by the Pelman system must be valuable to the most instructed.

Quite frankly, the Pelman system is devised to help a man or a woman to achieve practical, material success, sometimes expressible in terms of money. Why not?

If the main principles of the system were to be defined, I should describe them as inculcating self-reliance, and the perfecting of the mind, memory, and mental equipment generally, the essential condition of success in any career.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of "The Sketch" to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto: Club Arcade, Durban.

IN THE PARK.



THE FAIR AMERICAN: You Britishers seem to take a delight in running down your own things!
Now, I can't see anything rotten about this Row!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



STAR TURNS . . . GRAND OPERA.

When well-conducted Opera is going hot and strong,
And Confidantes and smaller fry have done their worst in song,
The Tenor and the Heroine, whose woes have left them fat,
Foregather, ere the curtain falls, to hold a quiet chat.

He thrills, "Beloved, lo! the Dawn! Behold yon roseate sky!
I fain would clasp thee to my heart, we twain must shortly die!"
She queries, "Why, Lorenzo? Say!" Slips up on higher "C,"
And tears the artificial plaits that hang below her knee.

He warbles in distracted tones, whilst pacing up and down—
"I do not dread a world of foes, nor fear thy Father's frown;
Yet fate compels me to unsheath this brace of carving-knives,"
She shrills—"And must these shining blades end both our hapless lives?"

He cries, "One kiss!—one last embrace!" . . . and stabs his ample chest.
"What is there left but Death," he pants, "without **Abdulla's Best!**"
With dying breath she lifts the roof—"I fall without regrets . . .
Because—we have no more—no more—Abdulla Cigarettes!" —R. H.

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS



CASUALTIES AND HOW THEY HAPPEN.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THE important part played by the Royal Air Force in the recent fighting south of the Vesle, and in the Somme area, is shown by the losses recorded in the official communiqués. On one day the G.O.C., R.A.F., B.E.F. stated that thirty of our machines were missing. Not so very long ago such a figure would have raised an outcry in the Press and in the House of Commons. In fact, even when the agitations of 1916 and 1917 were at their height, there was never a day, on which anything like such a loss was recorded. That it should be passed over without comment to-day is the best possible proof of the confidence which everyone feels in the ability of the Air Ministry as a whole, and in the ability of the General Officer Commanding in the Field in particular.

The Whip Hand in the Air.

Things have changed a great deal in the past year. At a rough guess one would say that ten of our aeroplanes cross the lines to-day for every one which did so a year, or at any rate eighteen months, ago. That alone would account for our losses being ten times as great. But, as a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether our losses in actual air-fights are as heavy in total numbers, let alone in proportion, as they were in 1916 and 1917. To-day our fighting pilots are so well trained and so well mounted, besides being so numerous, that they have completely the whip hand of the Hun in the air. Thanks to that fact, the losses among our artillery observation machines, our reconnaissance machines, and our photographic machines are far lighter in proportion than they used to be.

Our Low-fliers Suffer Most.

Where the heavy losses of to-day occur is almost entirely in fighting with enemy troops on the ground. An aeroplane flying at 120 miles an hour or so, between 50 and 100 feet above the ground, is a mighty hard thing to hit. People who have tried say that shooting it is rather like trying to shoot a snipe with a rook-rifle. Nevertheless, if there are enough rifles and machine guns turned on to it at once, the effect is rather like that of a shot-gun, and so some of these low-flying aeroplanes are bound to be hit once in a while.

An Aeroplane's Vulnerable Spots.

After all, an aeroplane is still an astonishingly vulnerable object, and it has quite a large vulnerable area. It is true that one can put bullet-holes through the wings and tail and most of the body without doing it any serious harm, unless by sheer luck one hits and cuts an important wire, such as one of those which carry the load of the body on the wings. Even if one "load-wire" goes, a well-made

wing should stand up without it, though few will stand losing more than one in the same wing. But a bullet fairly into the engine or the tank almost always means a forced descent, though possibly without damage to the crew of the machine. The worst thing, naturally, is a bullet in the tank, for that nearly always means fire. Yet it is quite surprising how often pilots have had their tanks pierced without being set on fire, even by incendiary or "tracer" bullets. There have been cases in which pierced tanks have been plugged by pilot or passenger while the machine has been in the air, and so has been got safely home. Still, the majority of tank-wounds mean a descent as soon as possible afterwards.

Hits that Cause Descent.

Actually, however, the simplest bullet-wounds to a machine are those which are most certain to cause a descent. For example, a bullet in the water-jacket of a water-cooled engine means that all the water will be out, and the engine "seized up," inside ten minutes at most. Which is one of the greatest objections to water-cooled engines for war use. A bullet in a carburettor means that, at any rate, all the cylinders served by that carburettor will

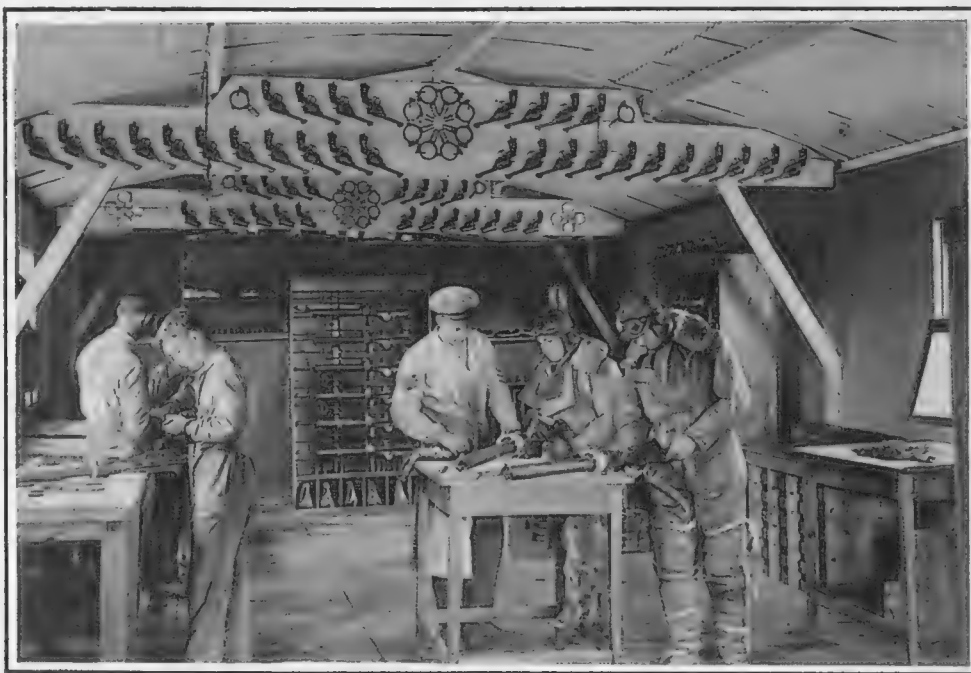
cease work promptly, though, as most big engines have two or four carburettors, there may be enough cylinders left working to enable the machine to get home. An air-screw may be shot full of holes at certain angles, but one lucky shot in the right place may shatter a whole blade, and that means an immediate stoppage of the engine, and a prompt descent.

What "Thirty Missing" Means.

With all these possibilities, multiplied as they are many thousands of times over by the fact that instead of facing two or three opponents a day in air fights, the low-flying pilot is being fired at by thousands of men on the ground, it is quite surprising that so few machines are brought down. The most satisfactory part of the business is that, before being hit, all these low-fliers do an immense amount of damage to the enemy's troops on the ground; and that, after being brought down, the majority of them land safely, and merely become prisoners of war. The announcement that



AT A HOSPITAL FOR DAMAGED AEROPLANES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A WRECKED MACHINE ARRIVES FOR EXAMINATION AND REPAIR.—[Official Photograph.]



THE ARMOURY OF A BRITISH NIGHT BOMBING SQUADRON ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE CARE OF WEAPONS FOR PILOTS AND OBSERVERS.

The Armoury illustrated claims to be the best of its kind in France.—[Official Photograph.]

thirty machines were missing in the day probably means that twenty of our aviators were taken prisoners, and that most likely they inflicted a couple of thousand casualties on the enemy before being taken. Also, the fact that they were "missing," and were not picked up by our advancing troops, shows to what an extent they were carrying the war behind the enemy's lines.

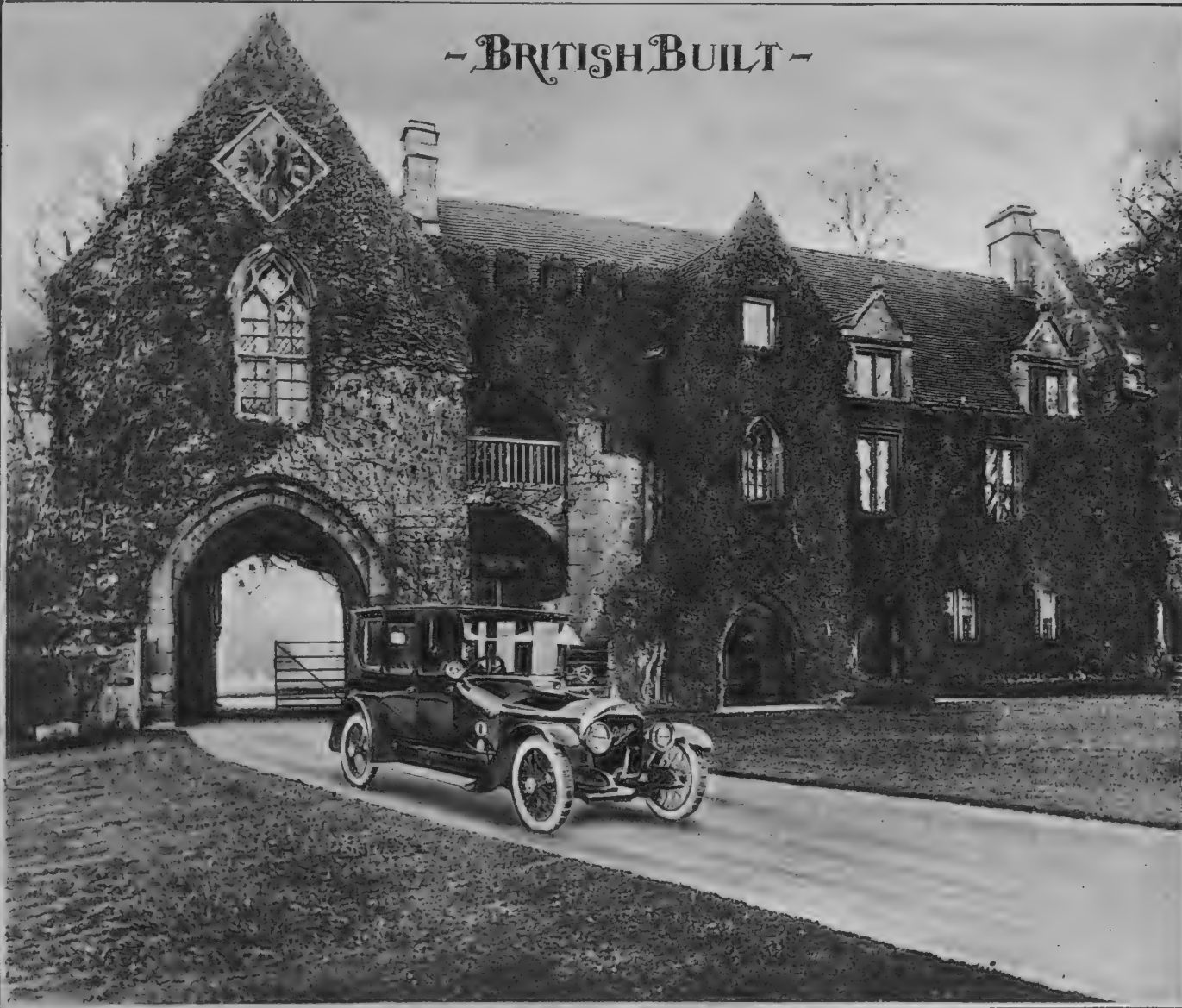
THE
PROVED
BEST

NAPIER

- SIX-CYLINDER -

MOTOR CARRIAGES

- BRITISH BUILT -



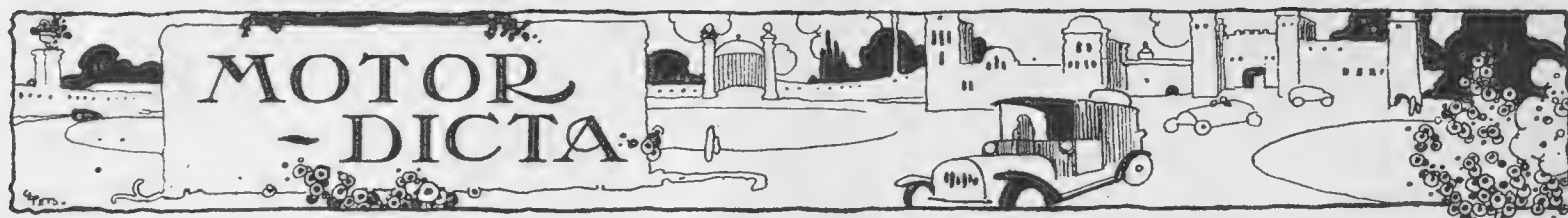
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LONDON, W.



WAR OFFICE PETROL; "S.F." AND THE CHEAP-CAR MARKET. By GERALD BISS.

I HAVE kept my eyes open, but have failed to trace a single result of the recent big "hold-up" of motorists in and on the outskirts of town; nor have I heard of any case of prosecution as the result of this wild morning of Prussian terrorism and disciplinary measures in the once free town of London. Apparently it was a case of much smoke and no fire at all—a smoke barrage to put the fear of "Dora" into what was left of the crushed and broken automobilist—and a hideous waste of able-bodied men's time at that! It has, however, served one good purpose by proving that joy-riding, about which there has been such persistent babbling, exists only in imagination.

in the British industry to turn out in quantity a little car and a little van at a really popular price—something up against the all-invading, peacefully penetrating Ford. It is the most heartening news at the present low ebb in things automobile—the voice of the highly competent prophet crying in the desert of reconstruction in his own country; and I know no other man who can carry the public inside and outside the motoring world in the same way, or with the same chance of success. "S.F.," as he is popularly known, is not technically eligible, under his sale agreement with the Napier folk, to take part in any motor business until October year; but I doubt if even this would be so stringently insisted upon by that famous



SUPPORTED BY TANKS: A FRENCH "WAVE" OF ATTACK IN ACTION.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

Saving W.O. Petrol for Berlin Raids.

Hard on top of my horrible suggestion that quite big brass-hats might eventually have to goose-step from Whitehall to the Carlton for their frugal midday repast comes the announcement that a highly impertinent committee has been appointed to nose into the consumption of petrol by the departmental vehicles of the War Office, the Admiralty, the Air Board, and the Ministry of Munitions. Over these high-brow departments of State even "Dora," as represented by the Berkeley Bureaucrats and the Petrol Control Board, has no jurisdiction, as, unlike less autocratic Government departments, they do not draw their lashings of petrol from civilian stocks, but grade themselves in a special class. Possibly Sir Nevil Macready may indignantly dissolve such a committee as an arbitrary infringement of martial rights on the ground that it is *ultra vires*. Though it might make for such a vulgar thing as national economy, it would be so very undignified—such a loss of caste at G.H.Q. Nevertheless, it is a move in the right direction; and even if quite a stout General is told off to quite a small two-seater, though things may look

firm, under the strictly non-competitive circumstances. Anyhow, it is to be hoped that something will be done to attempt to preserve the huge cheap-car and small-van market, to say nothing of the light tractor, to the British industry, and prevent an ignoble surrender to the Ford without a struggle.

A Big Proposition. Edge has long felt the way in which our unprotected industry has been inundated from this direction, and the permeation of our markets in war as well as in peace. He knows he is up against a big proposition, if he decides to butt in; but that is a thing that rather encourages his type than dissuades it. It was not in his own interests that he came up against the Ministry of Munitions when head of a department there; and that is a thing we may hear more of later on. Meanwhile, this hint of what is or may be already going on behind the scenes is pregnant with great possibilities and vast interest. He should receive powerful backing at home, as such a venture will draw him out of his new-found delights in agriculture, and be prompted purely by patriotic



DURING THE ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CANADIAN DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS—WITH CARS.—[Canadian War Records.]

slightly out of proportion, it will all help to keep down the war bill, and add to the supply of petrol for the impending bombing of Berlin, which is giving the Hun at H.Q. such ice-cold extremities. At least, the Hun has made up his mind most pathetically that it is impending; and that is half the battle, taking the psychology of Fritz into consideration.

"S.F." and Cheap Cars.

No announcement has caused more genuine and unprejudiced interest all round than S. F. Edge's own, that he may feel himself forced to re-enter the motor-manufacturing world, backed by some tried and trusty friends, if within the next year no effort be apparent

motives, as he has already made a young fortune, which many would fear to put back into the melting-pot of commerce at the approaching industrial crisis in the hour of reconstruction. Labour, too, should welcome heartily and co-operate eagerly with such a new creation of employment, if it come to maturity, as I sincerely trust it will.

Good for the R.I.A.C.

Meanwhile, congratulations to the Royal Irish Automobile Club upon its new suffix granted by King George in view of the fine war-work it has done. If the whole of the deliberately distressful country had made as good as the R.I.A.C., there would be little room for comment or criticism.



After Four Years War.

The fame and the quality of CRAVEN is just the same to-day - it is the same exquisitely matured tobacco immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine."

Craven

Sir J. M. Barrie wrote:
"If you try it once
—you smoke it ever
afterwards."

2/2 per 2 oz.

Made by CARRERAS Limited
55, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Est. 1788.

48.B.

When the time arrives
for the resumption of normal
business you will want a Car
which is in

Class A.

Secure a place now on the
HUMBER PRIORITY LIST and
avoid disappointment later on

Humber

Humber Limited, Coventry.

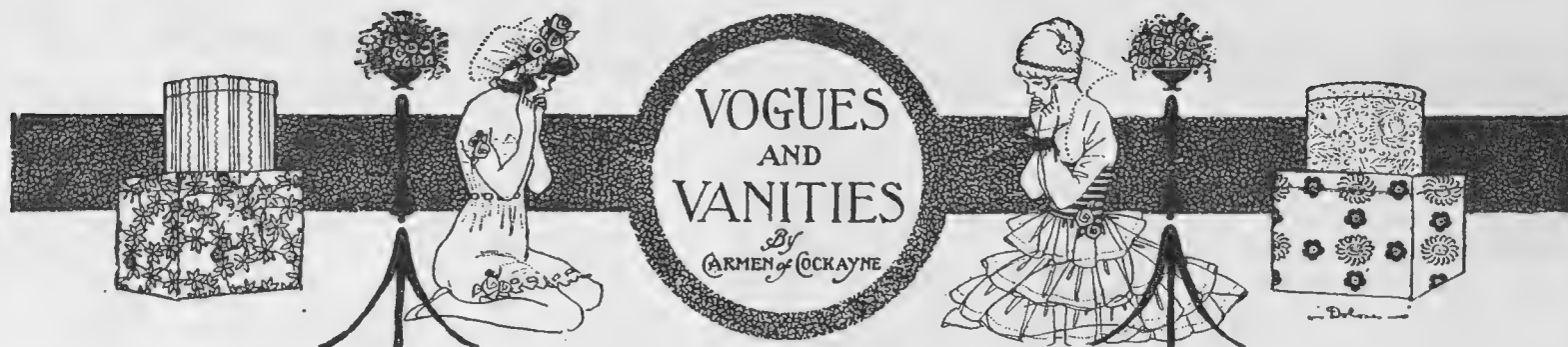


There is only one BLACKPOOL *The Nation's Tonic.*

NO other seaside resort in the Kingdom compares to Blackpool. No other place offers such a variety of entertainment. Such sunshine and bracing air. Ask your friend who has been there. The tired War Worker—man or woman—needs the sea. No inland holiday will give you back the rosy glow of health you can get from two weeks at Blackpool. It is ready to give you new vigour now. Decide to go to-day. It is *patriotic* to keep well. You cannot help to win the war if you feel tired and done in. Get well. Face the winter with new zest and courage.

You need the rest—Take it at BLACKPOOL.

Write for Autumn Programme, Post Free from Advertising Manager,
Town Hall, Blackpool.



Seaside Sensations. Seaside and country fashions this year have been designed to catch the eye, and the gay scarlet-and-blue and yellow and purple of women frolickers have gone a long way towards brightening the lot of the holiday-maker struggling with food difficulties away from home. Even if Marshal Foch hadn't come along with his victory over the Huns, the hectic jerseys, chromatic jumpers, and frenzied frocks of the women preparing themselves for another year of patriotic work would have gone a long way towards stimulating war-jaded spirits.



A sapphire-blue satin crown, and a wide gold brim, when generously sewn over with tiny jet beads, requires no other trimming to complete its entirely "chic" appearance.

Tennis Court Changes.

Tennis - players have succumbed to the prevailing passion for colour, and the desire for something new in the way of sports "kit." To begin with, heavily pleated crêpe-de-Chine jupes and silken sweaters of a kind in which no serious-minded player would have dreamt of appearing three or four years ago, have been replacing the white piqué skirts and linen blouses usually associated with the tennis enthusiast. Bolder spirits went further, and introduced rose-pink, or flaming

yellow, or some other colour just by way of variety; and the smartest frocks of all were those knitted entirely of silk, on the lines of an elongated sweater, without fastenings of any kind, and provided with sash girdles tied loosely across the back. The severest critic of Fashion couldn't accuse her of having exercised a depressing influence on war-time holidays.

Not Really Frivolous.

The people who have been grumbling at women's love of gay clothes are not going to have things all their own way, though exactly why the desire to look as nice as possible should be regarded as criminal is something that women have never been able to understand. Women really are not quite so foolish about clothes as some people think, and are quite alive to the importance of suiting the dress to the occasion. Even the most frivolous-minded of the summer frolickers have no intention of introducing chiffon or crêpe-de-Chine, or even silk, into the workshop, or the bandage-room, though even if they did, there's no reason to suppose that their work would suffer. But these are strenuous days, and Fashion, who always moves with the times, has drawn up her autumn programme with an eye to the practical requirements of women faced with the prospect of a fuel, to say nothing of a possible material, shortage. Gorgeous frocks are all very well for times when to "look nice" represents the serious business of life. But when the weight of war-work, not to mention war-time house-keeping, presses on feminine shoulders, matters, as well as frocks, assume an entirely different complexion, and autumn

fashions are as sober and as practical as the strictest apostle of utility could desire.

Autumn Whispers. No; there is to be no "standard" dress, no rigid adherence to any one particular type.

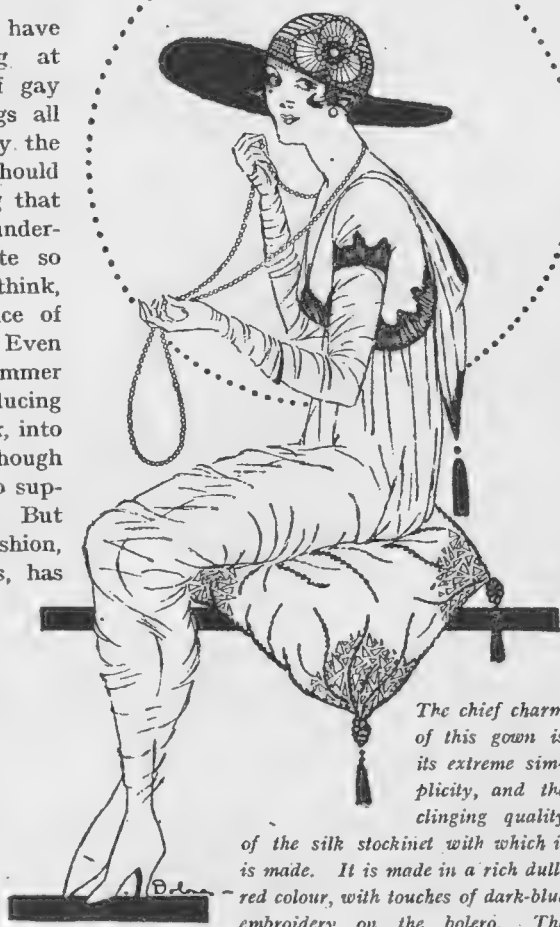
Stout women are not going to be forced to wear frocks that only the slim can wear with success; nor are thin women going to be asked to encase their "willowy" proportions in the kind of thing that only looks its best when Nature has seen fit to give you what is politely called a "full habit." But the autumn models that have already made an appearance do suggest a serious effort to combine the practical with the smart on the part of the mode-makers. It's really just as well, for with prices going up, and incomes going down, lots of women have been wondering whether a "dress like Eve's" couldn't be worked in as a fashionable form of war economy. It's all very well to urge that appearances, especially in war-time, don't matter, but very few women care about being a sparrow amongst peacocks, and lots of even the quite serious-minded ones will be glad to hear that "frillies" are—metaphorically speaking, of course—to play a comparatively unimportant part during the next few months.

Slimness in Stockinet.

Stockinet, especially silk stockinet, has won such a warm place in feminine affections that it's nice to know that the smartest autumn frocks will be made of it, and that the artist in dress materials has evolved some new and especially heavy varieties, that have the appearance of being hand-knitted, for the cold days. It sounds an extravagant departure for war-time, but, with wool as expensive as, and in some cases even more expensive than, silk, the stockinet-lover who indulges her fancy need not feel a traitor to the cause of war economy. There is another point to remember. Silk stockinet, besides being *chic*, wears well, and is warm into the bargain; and anything that promises to soften the discomforts of a fireless winter would in any case be assured of a warm welcome. It is, too, rather especially well adapted for wear under the fur coat that is going to play an even more than usually important rôle this winter.



Of white stockinet, trimmed with bands of the same fabric in black silk. It has a smart fringe to give it the necessary finish.



The chief charm of this gown is its extreme simplicity, and the clinging quality of the silk stockinet with which it is made. It is made in a rich dull red colour, with touches of dark-blue embroidery on the bolero. The "hood collar," which falls gracefully down the back, has a blue tassel.

Points About Peltry.

Mention of fur coats, by-the-bye, is a reminder of the necessity of buying furs early. Autumn peltry is charming. Though autumn prices are not so attractive, it is commonsense to forestall the rise that is certain as the colder weather comes on. Interest in furs centres, for the moment, on the leather waistcoat. This is not a merely frivolous affair meant to catch the eye, but an important accessory, whose useful qualities must by no means be overlooked. It is meant to keep the wearer warm, and does it in the most becoming way.



Lance-Corporal D. PALMER,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
British Expeditionary Force.

"I joined up in August 1915 with the R.G.A., and I took part in the big fight at Beaumont Hamel. The next day a big shell came over which knocked me out completely, and I got a bit of it in my head. I was admitted to hospital as a 'shell shock' case, and I was blind for nearly a month. After medical treatment I again had recourse to Phosferine, having formed the habit of taking it all the time I was in the trenches, where it kept me free from colds, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia and all nervous troubles. I had about a year in the trenches in all sorts of weather, so was able to feel the real benefit of Phosferine. If I had not taken Phosferine so regularly before, perhaps I should not have recovered so quickly, but I have now quite recovered my sight."

This undaunted Lance-Corporal is certain his habit of regularly taking Phosferine alone made possible his speedy recovery from shell shock, and the restoration of his sight—Phosferine ensures that *all* the nerve organisms are *always* building up his vital forces, and thus enabling his system to overcome the unnatural strain and mishaps of active service.

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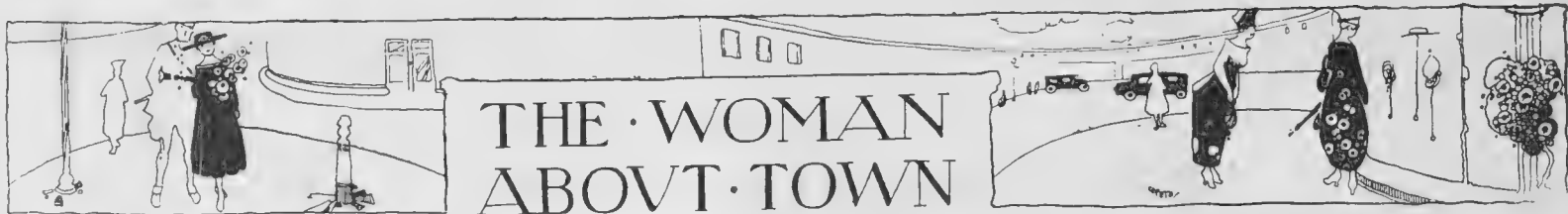
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Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

Section showing Damp
 and Dust-proof Front
 and Back Unscrewed.



The Slump in 'Buses.

The 'bus-women's strike had its comic side. The dear idlers who wanted their usual promenade among the shops, their bun-and-tea lunch, and their round of bridge and tea in the afternoon, had to stay in their dull homes and call heaven to witness the hardness of their lot. A good lady who lives in one of the Suburbo-Aristo localities, and comes into Belgravia daily for bridge, said she hoped the Government would punish the strikers severely for *interfering with munition workers' transport*! A girl who had a theatre engagement, and was frightened of the crowd in the tubes, paid a taxi-man half-a-guinea to call for her. He sent back the half-guinea and did not call, whereupon ensued weeping and loud reproaches. The workers, who suffered most severely by the strike, went their ways as well as they could and said very little. Most of them thought that the girl who does a man's work should get a man's pay, but regretted that she did not carry on while the question was threshed out.

Fresh and Sweet.

If anyone has been doing a thing for a hundred and fifty years, and doing it well, that one should be an expert. We have never fathomed the methods of Methuselah, so "anyone," in this case, is a firm, and it is Yardley's, expert in perfumes and fine soaps since 1770, and now at 8, New Bond Street. Perfume is not to be regarded as an extravagance; many women depend upon it for refreshment and health, and rely on it to keep away the smell of stale baccy-smoke, which is not becoming to a young woman. "Vanity Fair" is a very favourite scent, and it is but one of those for which this British firm is celebrated. A slight spraying with a Yardley perfume before going out, a slight powdering with Yardley's powder, and a woman sallies forth as sweet and fresh and attractive as an English violet or primrose in the spring.

Toby, His Jug.

In the days to come, when the Kaiser shall enjoy a climate suited to his temper, and the Lansdowne shall lie down with the Lloyd George, and our coming generation shall have come, there will be no more valved souvenirs of the Great War than the Toby-jugs, from original designs by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, of personages celebrated in it. There is Admiral Beatty, called "Dreadnought"; Admiral Jellicoe, called, shall we say "Hot-Climate Jack"? ("The Woman About Town" must not fall into bad language); Mr. Lloyd George, called "Shell Out"; Field-Marshal Haig, called "Push and Go," and others. These are favourite wedding presents. When the soldier man retires, he can pour his nut-brown ale from one—it will then have begun to flow freely once more, while taxation will make whisky and wine still unattainable—and smoke his pipe of peace and talk his battles o'er again. Soane and Smith, who are great on specialties, have produced this one at 462, Oxford Street; it is much appreciated.

Escape the "L.T."

I have not heard any aspersions cast upon the Luxury Tax, which may, however, make enemies when—and if—it comes into operation. Of course, square pianos would like to drop their title of grand, since it has brought them into the luxury scale. However, there is time yet to buy grands, and beauties at that, for Waring and Gillow have a wonderful stock of boudoir and big grands, and uprights too, and the tax cannot come yet. The poor dear gramophone, which took to itself no high-sounding title, is a luxury however you take it—even if you are a hard-worked scribe and it pursues its unceasing labours next door. Well, Waring and Gillow have a remarkable lot of gramophones, and at many prices; and so the little girls (who mightily prefer gramophones to music lessons), and the young folk, old folk, and middle-aged folk, who love music wherever they go, must go to Waring and Gillow's in good time and in the tune to buy, and 'scape the "L.T."

Not a Merry Old Soul.

Old King Coal will be a wary old soul in the coming winter. We shall have to use him charily, and his merry cackle will have to be confined to certain rooms in our houses. Hot baths will be off, save on set days or nights—at the most, two a week. Joints were limited in any case; now hot ovens will be strictly so, and the careful housewives who bake their own bread can only fire up their ovens once a week. The migration from great houses to lesser ones, already in numerous cases accomplished, will now be accelerated. If twenty tons is the maximum allowance, big houses open on the old scale are a sheer impossibility; even Lansdowne House will have to lock some of its doors and put some more shutters up. A very anti-Central Empire alien friend of mine says she will sit blithely in a padded dressing-gown, with a down quilt round her knees, all winter, hugging to herself the knowledge that German Barons have no coal or coke to grow orchids or rare fruits.

Snapping at Its Best.

The day when one's best friend became a person to avoid, if armed with a camera, is past. The pictures taken by the up-to-date amateur with an "Ensign" camera are not subjects for libel actions, but delightful souvenirs. There is a real satisfaction, too, in knowing that these cameras, and also "Ensign" films, are British throughout. The cameras are made for use with films or plates, from vest-pocket to post-card size, and they cost from 10s. upwards. What would anyone more? Yet there is more, for these films will fit any roll-film camera, and give the finest result. We have all been running from pillar to post to get films for our own or someone else's camera, and we have been accounted lucky if we got one roll. "Ensigns" are a joy to our Over-seas and American fighting men, who long for records of their life here and in France: there is much more latitude in the use of soldiers' cameras now than when war began.



A coat and skirt of tan cloth, with an original touch in the waist—coat and collar embroidered in old Egyptian colours; the newest thing in capes—mole-coloured cloth, edged with a pleated frill of the same material and lined with deep purple; and a navy serge suit with a skirt cut away in front to reveal a tucked underskirt: a truly charming trio of costumes for outdoor wear.

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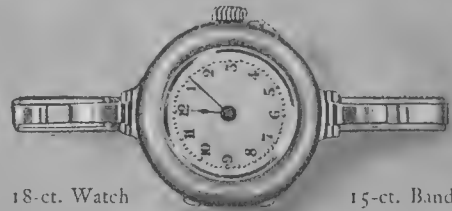
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(wonderful how they do come
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You feel you've never earned a smoke better.
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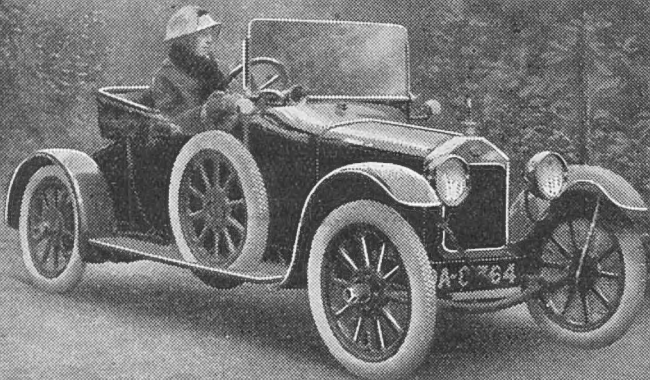
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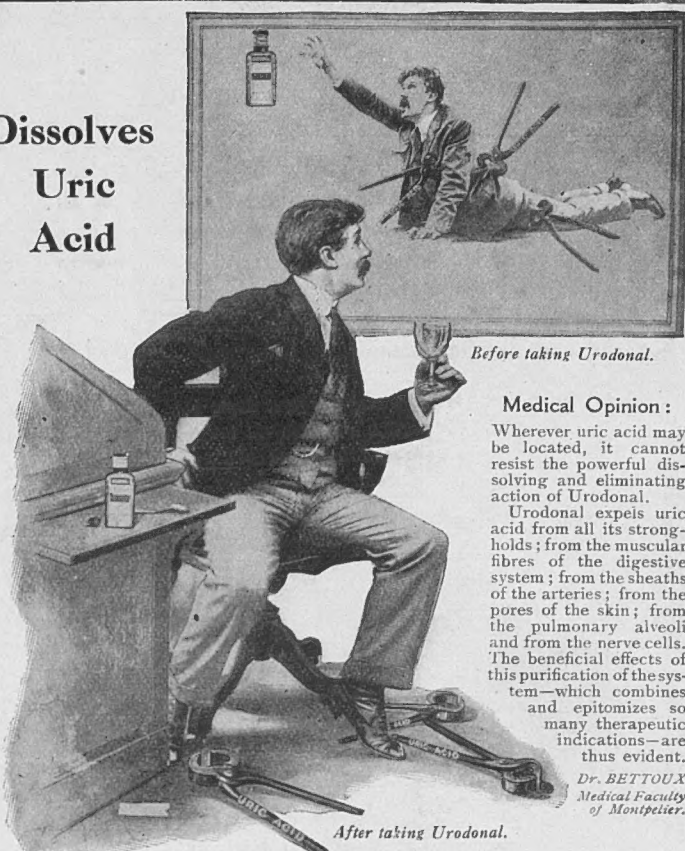
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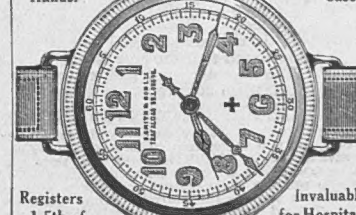
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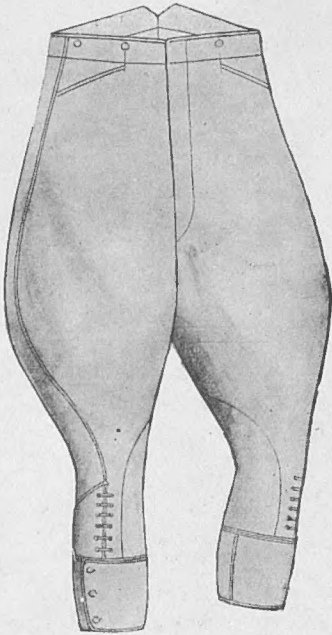
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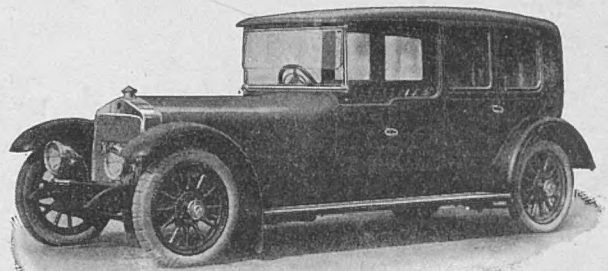
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